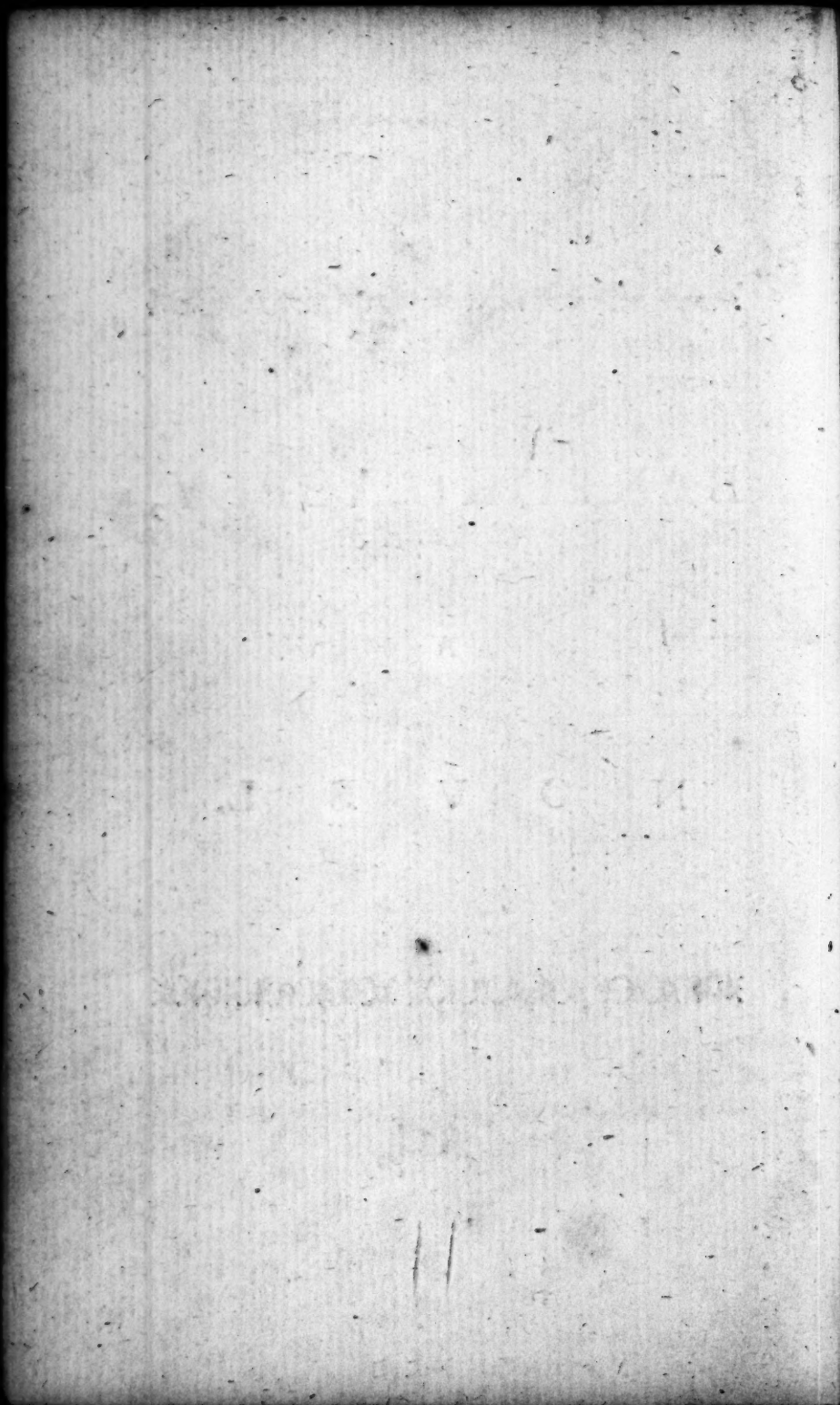


BARFORD ABBEY,

A

N O V E L.





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BARFORD ABBEY,

A

N O V E L:

I N A

SERIES of LETTERS.

The SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

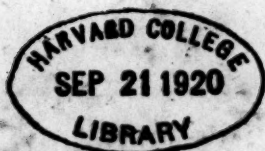
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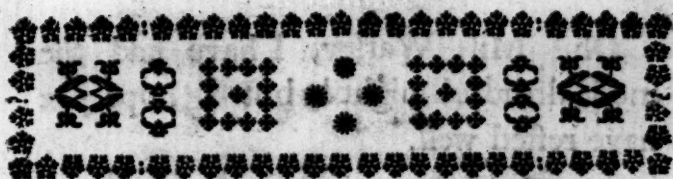
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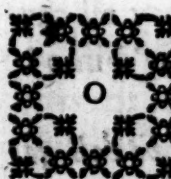


BARFORD ABBEY.

LETTER XXIII.

Miss WARLEY to Lady MARY SUTTON.

From Mr. Jenkins's

 H what a designing man is Lord Darcey!—He loves me not, yet fain would persuade me that he does.—

When I went yesterday morning to the Abbey, I met him in my way to Lady Powis's dressing-room.—Starting as if he had seen an apparition, and with a look which express'd great importance, he said, taking my hand,

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B

Oh!

2 BARFORD ABBEY.

Oh! Miss Warley, I have had the most dreadful night! but I hope you have rested well.

I have rested very well, my Lord; what has disturb'd your Lordship's rest?

What, had it been *real* as it was *visionary*, would have drove me to madness.--- I dreamt, Miss Warley,-----I dreamt every thing I was possess'd of was torn from me;---but now---and *here stops*.

Well, my Lord, and did not the pleasure of being undeceiv'd overpay all the pain which you had been deceiv'd into?

No, my angel!-----*Why does he call me his angel?*

Why, no: I have such a sinking, such a load on my mind, to reflect it is possible,---only possible it might happen, that,

that, upon my word, it has been almost too much for me.

Ah ! my Lord, you are certainly wrong to anticipate evils ; they come fast enough, one need not run to meet them : ——— besides, if your Lordship had been in reality that very unfortunate creature you dreamt you were, for no rank or degree is proof against the caprice of Fortune, ——— was nothing to be preserv'd entire ? ——— Fortune can require only what she gave ; fortitude, peace, and resignation, are not her gifts.

Oh ! Miss Warley, you mistake : it was not riches I fancied myself dispossest of ; ——— it was, oh my God ! ——— what my peace, my *very* soul is center'd in ! ——— and his eyes turn'd round with so wild a stare, that really I began to suspect his head.

B 2

I trembled

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I trembled so I could scarce reach the dressing room, though just at the door. ---The moment I turn'd from him, he flew like lightning over the stairs; and soon after, I saw him walking with Sir James on the terrace. By their gestures I could discover their conversation was not a common one.

Mr. Morgan comes this instant in sight; ---a servant after him, leading my little horse.---I am sorry to break off, but I must attend him;---he is so good, I know your Ladyship would be displeas'd, was I to prolong my letter at the expence of his favour.---Yours, my much honour'd, ---my much lov'd lady,---with all gratitude, with all affection,

F. WARLEY.

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LETTER XXIV.

Miss WARLEY to the same.

From Mr. Jenkings's-

NOW, my dearest Lady, am I again perplex'd, doubting, and embarrass'd :---yet Lord Darcey is gone,--gone this very morning,--about an hour since.

Well, I did not think it would evermore be in his power to distress me?---but I have been distress'd,--- greatly distress'd !--- I begin to think Lord Darcey sincere,-- that he has always been sincere. ---He talks of next *Thursday*, as a day to unravel great mysteries :---but I shall be far enough by that time ; sail'd, perhaps.---Likely, he said, I might know before *Thursday*.--I wish any body could tell me :---I fancy Sir James and Lady Powis are in the secret.

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Mr. Jenkins is gone with his Lordship to Mr. Stapleton's,---about ten miles this side London, on business of importance :---to-morrow he returns ; then I shall acquaint him with my leaving this place.-----Your Ladyship knows the motive why I have hitherto kept the day of my setting out a secret from every person,---even from Sir James and Lady Powis.

Yesterday, the day preceding the departure of Lord Darcey, I went up to the Abbey, determin'd to exert my spirits and appear chearful, cost what it would to a poor disappointed heavy heart.---Yes, it was disappointed :---but till then I never rightly understood its situation ;---or perhaps would not understand it ;---else I have not examin'd it so closely as I ought, of late.---Not an unusual thing neither : we often stop to enquire, what fine seat *that* ?---whose magnificent equipage *this* ?---long to see and converse with

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with persons so surrounded with splendor ;—but if one happen to pass a poor dark cottage, and see the owner leaning on a crutch at the door, we are apt to go by, without making any enquiry, or betraying a wish to be acquainted with its misery.——

This was my situation, when I directed my steps to the Abbey.---I saw not Lord Darcey in an hour after I came into the house ;———when he join'd us, he was dress'd for the day, and in one hand his own hat, in the other mine, with my cloak, which he had pick'd up in the Vestibule :---he was dreadfully pale ;---complain'd of a pain in his head, which he is very subject to ;---said he wanted a walk ;---and ask'd, if I would give him the honour of my company.---I had not the heart to refuse, when I saw how ill he look'd,---though for some days past, I have avoided being alone with him as much as possible.

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We met Lady Powis returning from a visit to her poultry yard.—Where are my two runabouts going *now*? she said.—Only for a little walk, madam, reply'd Lord Darcey.

You are a sauce-box, said she, shaking him by the hand;—but don't go, my Lord, *too far* with Miss Warley, nodding and smiling on him at the same time.—She gave me a sweet affectionate kiss, as I pass'd her; and cried out, You are a couple of pretty strollers, are you not! —But away together; only I charge you, my Lord, calling after him, remember you are not to go *too far* with my dear girl.

We directed our steps towards the walk that leads to the Hermitage, neither of us seeming in harmony of spirits.—His Lordship still complaining of his head, I propos'd going back before we had gone ten paces from the house.

Would

Would Miss Warley then prevent me, said he, from the last satisfaction I might ever enjoy?—You don't know, madam, how long——it is impossible to say how long——if ever I should be so happy again——I look forward to Wednesday with impatience;—if that should be propitious, *Thursday* will unravel *mysteries*; it will clear up *doubts*;—it will perhaps bring on an event which you, my dearest life, may in time reflect on with pleasure;—you, my dearest life!—pardon the liberty,---by heaven! I am sincere.

I was going to withdraw my hand from his: I can be less reserv'd when he is less free.

Don't take your hand from me?— I will call you Miss Warley;——I see my freedom is displeasing;—---but don't take your hand away; for I was still endeavouring to get it away from him.

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Yes, my angel, I will call you *Miss Warley*.

Talk not at this rate, my Lord: it is a kind of conversation I do not, nor wish to understand.

I see, madam, I am to be unhappy; ---I know you have great reason to condemn me:---my whole behaviour, since I first saw you, has been one riddle.

Pray, my Lord, forbear this subject.

No! if I never see you more, Miss Warley,-----this is my wish, that you think the worst of me that appearances admit;---think I have basely wish'd to distress you.

Distress me, my Lord?

Think so, I beseech you, if I never return.---What would the misfortune be

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of falling low, even to the most abject, in your opinion, compared with endangering the happiness of her whose peace is my ardent pursuit?---If I fail, I only can tell the cause:---you shall never be acquainted with it;---for should you regard me even with pity,---cool pity,---it would be taking the dagger from my own breast, and planting it in yours.

Ah! my Lady, could I help understanding him?---could I help being moved?---I was moved;---my eyes I believe betray'd it.

If I return, continued he, it is you only can pronounce me happy.---If you see me not again, think I am tost on the waves of adverse fortune;---but oh think, I again intreat *you*,---think me guilty.---Perhaps I may outlive---no, that will never do;---you will be happy long before that hour;---it would be selfish to hope the contrary.---*I wish* Mr. Powis

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was come home ;-- *I wish*--All my *wishes* tend to one great end.---Good God, what a situation am I in!--That the Dead could hear my petitions!-----that he could absolve me!---What signifies, whether one sue to remains crumbled in the dust, or to the ear which can refuse to hear the voice of reason.

I thought I should have sunk to see the agony he was work'd up to.---I believe I look'd very pale ;---I felt the blood thrill through my veins, and of a sudden stagnate :---a dreadful sickness follow'd ; ---I desir'd to sit ; ---he look'd on every side, quite terrified ; -----cry'd, Where will you sit, my dearest life? --- what shall I do?---For heaven's sake speak ;---speak but one word ;---speak to tell me, I have not been your murderer.

I attempted to open my mouth, but in vain ; I pointed to the ground, making an effort to sit down ;---he caught
me

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me in his arms, and bore me to a bench not far off;—there left me to fetch some water at a brook near, but came back before he had gone ten steps.—I held out my hand to his hat, which lay on the ground, then look'd to the water. ---Thank God!---thank God! he said, and went full speed, to dip up some:---he knelt down, trembling before me; ---his teeth chatter'd in his head whilst he offer'd the water.

I found myself beginning to recover the moment it came to my lips.---He fix'd his eyes on me, as if he never meant to take them off, holding both my hands between his, the tears running down his face, without the contraction of one feature.---If sorrow could be express'd in stone, he then appear'd the very statue which was to represent it.

I attempted to speak.

Don't

14. BARFORD ABBEY.

Don't speak yet, he cried!—don't make yourself ill again: thank heaven, you are better;—This is some sudden chill; why have you ventur'd out without clogs!

How delicate,---how seasonable, this hint! Without it could I have met his eye, after the weakness I had betrayed? ---We had now no more interesting subjects; I believe he thought I had *enough* of them.

It was near two when we reach'd the Abbey. Sir James and Mr. Morgan were just return'd from a ride——Lady Powis met us on the Green, where she said she had been walking some time, in expectation of her strollers,---She examin'd my countenance very attentively, and then ask'd Lord Darcey, if he had remember'd her injunctions?

What

What reason, my Lady, have you to suspect the contrary ! he returned.--Well, well, said she, I shall find you out some day or other :---but her Ladyship seem'd quite satisfied, when I assured her I had been no farther than the Beach-walk.

Cards were propos'd soon after dinner : the same party as usual.---Mr. Morgan is never ask'd to make one ;---he says he would as soon see the devil as a card-table.---We kept close at it 'till supper.---I could not help observing his Lordship blunder'd a little ;---playing a diamond for a spade,---and a heart for a club---I took my leave at eleven, and he attended me home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins were gone to bed,---Edmund was reading in the parlour ; he insisted on our having a negus, which going out to order, was follow'd by Lord Darcey :---I heard them whisper in the passage, but could distinguish the words,

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words, *if she is ill, remember, if she is ill---* and then Edmund answer'd, You may depend on it, my Lord.---as I have a soul to be saved;---does your Lordship suppose I would be so negligent?

I guess'd at this charge;---it was to write, if I should be ill, as I have since found by Edmund.---who return'd capering into the room, rubbing his hands, and smiling with such significance as if he would have said, Every thing is as it should be.

When his Lordship had wish'd us a good night, he said to me,---*To-morrow*, Miss Warley!---but I will say nothing of *to-morrow*;---I shall see you in the morning. His eyes glisten'd, and he left the room hastily.---Whilst Edmund attended him out, I went to my chamber, that I might avoid a subject of which I saw his honest heart was full.

On

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On my table lay the Roman History ;
I could not help giving a peep where I
had left off, being a very interesting part :
---from one thing I was led to another,
'till the clock struck three ; which alarm
made me quit my book.

Whilst undressing, I had leisure to re-
collect the incidents of the pass'd day :
sometimes pleasure, sometimes pain,
would arise, from this examination ;---
yet the latter was most predominant.

When I consider'd Lord Darcey's ten-
der regard for my future, as well as pre-
sent peace,---how could I reflect on him
without gratitude ?---When I consider'd
his perplexities, I thought thus :- -they
arise from some entanglement, in which
his heart 'is not engag'd.---Had he con-
fided in me, I should not have weaken'd
his resolutions ;----- I would no more
wish him to be guilty of a breach of ho-
nour, than surrender myself to infamy.
---I

—I would have endeavour'd to persuade him *she* is amiable, virtuous, and engaging.—If I had been successful, I would have *frown'd* when he *smil'd*;—I would have been *gay* when he seem'd *oppress'd*;—I would have been *reserv'd*, *peevish*, *supercilious*;—in short, I would have counterfeited the very reverse of what was likely to draw him from a former attachment.

To live without him must be my fate; since that is almost inevitable, I would have strove to have secur'd his happiness, whilst mine had remain'd to chance.—These reflections kept me awake 'till six, when I fell into a profound sleep, which lasted 'till ten; at which time I was awaken'd by Mrs. Jenkins, to tell me Lord Darcey was below; with an apology, that she had made breakfast, as her husband was preparing, in great haste, to attend his Lordship.

This

This was a hint he was not to stay long ; so I put on my cloaths with expedition ; and going down, took with me my whole stock of resolution ; but I carried it no farther than the bottom of the stairs ;——there it flew from me ; ---never have I seen it since :——that it rested not in the breast of Lord Darcey, was visible ;——rather it seem'd as if his and mine had taken a flight together.

I stood with the lock of the door in my hand more than a minute, in hopes my inward flutterings would abate.——His Lordship heard my footstep, and flew to open it !---I gave him my hand, without knowing what I did ;---joy sparkled in his eyes, and he press'd it to his breast with a fervour that cover'd me with confusion.

He saw what he had done ;--he dropp'd it respectfully, and enquiring tenderly for my health, ask'd if I would honour
him

him with my commands before he sat out for town?---What a fool was I!---Lord bless me!---can I ever forget my folly? What do you think, my Lady! I did not speak;---no! I could not answer:---I was *silent*;----I was *silent*, when I would have given the world for one word.---When I did speak, it was not to Lord Darcey, but still, all fool, turn'd and said to Mr. Jenkins, who was looking over a parchment, How do you find yourself, Sir? Will not the journey you are going to take on horseback be too fatiguing? No, no, my good Lady; it is an exercise I have all my life been us'd to: to-morrow you will see me return the better for it.

Mrs. Jenkins here enter'd, follow'd by a servant with the breakfast, which was plac'd before me, every one else having breakfasted.---She desir'd I would give myself the trouble of making tea, having some little matters to do without.

---This

--This task would have been a harder penance than a fast of three days ;---but I must have submitted, had not my good genius Edmund appear'd at this moment ; and placing himself by me, desir'd to have the honour of making my breakfast.

I carried the cup with difficulty to my mouth. My embarrassment was perceiv'd by his Lordship ; he rose from his seat, and walk'd up and down.---How did his manly form struggle to conceal the disorder of his mind !---Every movement, every look, ever word, discover'd Honour in her most graceful, most ornamental garb : *when* could it appear to such advantage, surrounded with a cloud of difficulties, yet shining out and towering above them all ?

He laid his cold hand on mine ;---with precipitation left the room ;---and was in a moment again at my elbow.---Leaning over the back of my chair, he whisper'd

per'd, For heaven's sake, Miss Warley, be the instrument of my fortitude ; whilst I see you I cannot--there stopt and turn'd from me.---I saw he wish'd me to go first,--- as much in compassion to myself as him. When his back was turn'd, I should have slid out of the room ;---but Mr. Jenkins starting up, and looking at his watch, exclaim'd, *Odso*, my Lord ! it is past eleven ; we shall be in the dark. This call'd him from his reverie ; and he sprang to the door, just as I had reach'd it.---Sweet, generous creature ! said he, stopping me ; and you will go *then* ?--- Farewell, my Lord, replied I.---My dear, good friend, to Mr. Jenkins, take care of your health.---God bless you both ?-----My voice falter'd.

Excellent Miss Warley ; a thousand thanks for your kind condescension, said the good old man.---Yet one moment, oh God ! yet one moment, said his Lordship ; and he caught both my hands.

Come,

Come, my Lord, return'd Mr. Jenkins; and never did I see him look so grave, something of disappointment in his countenance; — come, my Lord, the day is wasting apace. Excuse this liberty:—your Lordship has been *long* determin'd, — have *long* known of leaving this country. — My dearest young Lady, you will be expected at the Abbey. — I shall indeed, replied I; — so God bless you, Sir! — God bless you, my Lord! and, withdrawing my hands, hasten'd immediately to my chamber.

I heard their voices in the court yard :
 — If I had look'd out at the window,
 it might not have been unnatural; — I
 own my inclinations led to it. — Inclinations
 should never take place of prudence; —
 by following one, we are often plung'd
 into difficulties; — by the other we are
 sure to be conducted safely : — instead,
 then, of indulging my curiosity, to see
 how he look'd, — how he spoke, at taking
 leave

leave of this dwelling ;--whether his eyes were directed to the windows, or the road ;---if he rid slow or fast ;---how often he turn'd to gaze, before he was out of sight : instead of this I went to Mrs. Jenking's apartment, and remain'd there 'till I heard they were gone, then return'd to my own ; since which I have wrote down to this period. Perhaps I should have ran on farther, if a summons from Lady Powis did not call me off. I hope now to appear before her with tolerable composure.---I am to go in the coach alone.---Well, it will seem strange !---I shall think of my *late* companion ;--but time reconciles every thing.---*This* was my hope, when I lost my best friend, the lov'd instructress of my infant years.---*Time*, all healing *Time* ! to *that* I fear I must look forward as a lenitive against many evils.

Two days !---only two days !---and then, adieu, my dear friends at the Abbey ;
---adieu,

——adieu, my good Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins!—and you *too*, my friendly-hearted Edmund, adieu!

Welcome,——doubly welcome, every moment which brings me nearer to that when I shall kiss the hands of my honour'd Lady;—when I shall be able to tell you in person, ten thousand things too much for my pen;—when you will kindly say, Tell me all, my Fanny, tell me every secret of your heart.—Happy sounds!—pleasing sounds! these will be to your grateful and affectionate.

F. WARLEY.

LETTER XXV.

Miss WARLEY to the same.

From Mr. Jenkins's.

NOW, my dear Lady, am I ready for my departure:—Sir James and Lady Powis reconciled to my leaving them;—yet how can I call it reconciled, when I tear myself from their arms as they weep over me?—Heavens! how tenderly they love me!--Their distress, when I told them the day was absolutely fix'd; when I told them the necessity of my going, *their* distress nothing could equal but my *own*.—I thought my heart would have sunk within me:—Surely, my Lady, my affection for them is not a common affection;—it is *such* as I bear your dear self;—it is *such* as I felt for my revered Mrs. Whitmore.---I cannot dwell upon this subject,---indeed I cannot.

I al-

I almost wish I had not kept the day so long a secret.---But suppose I had not, would their concern have been lessen'd?---

I would give the world, if Mr. Jenkins was come home :---his wife is like a frantic woman ; and declares, if I persist in going, I shall break the heart of her and her husband.---Why do they love me so well ?---It cannot be from any deserts of mine :---I have done no more than common gratitude demands ;---the affection I shew them is only the result of their own kindness.---Benevolent hearts never place any thing to their own account :---they look on returns as presents, not as just debts :---so, whether giving or receiving, the glory must be their's.

I fancy Mr. Smith will not be here 'till to-morrow, his Lady having wrote me, he intended spending the evening with an

acquaintance of his about six miles from the Abbey.

How I dread the hour of parting!--
 Poor Mr. Watton!--I fear I shall never see him more.--Mr. Morgan too! but he is likely to live many years.--There is something in this strange man excessively engaging,---If people have roughness, better to appear in the voice, in the air and dress, than in the heart: a want of softness *there*, I never can dispence with.---What is a graceful form, what are numberless accomplishments, without humanity? I love, I revere, the honest, plain, well-meaning Mr. Morgan.

Hark! I hear the trampling of horses.
 --Mr. Jenkins is certainly return'd.--
 I hasten down to be the first who shall inform him of my departure.

How am I mortified to see Aaron return without his master!--Whilst Mrs.
 Jenkins

Jenkings was busied in enquiries after the health of her good man, I was all impatience for the contents of a letter she held in her hand, unopen'd: having broke the seal, and run her eye hastily over it, she gave it me.——I think my recollection will serve to send it verbatim to your Ladyship.

MR. JENKINGS to MRS. JENKINGS.

“ My Dear,

“ I dispatch Aaron to acquaint you it
 “ is impossible for me to be home till
 “ Wednesday. Mr. Stapleton is gone
 “ to London: I am obliged to attend
 “ Lord Darcey thither. I love his Lord-
 “ ship *more and more*.---He has convinc'd
 “ me *our* conjectures were not without
 “ foundation.---Heaven grant it may
 “ end to *our* wishes!---There are, he
 “ thinks, difficulties to be overcome.
 “ Let him think it:---his happiness will

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“ be more exquisite when he his unde-
 “ ceiv’d.—Distribute my dutiful res-
 “ pects to Sir James, Lady Powis, and
 “ Miss Warley ; next to yourself and
 “ our dear Edmund, they are nearest the
 “ heart of your truly affectionate husband

JENKINS.”

I will make no comments on this letter ; it cannot concern *me*.—What can I do about seeing Mr. Jenkins before I go?—

Lord bless me ! a chaise and four just stopp’d ; Mr. Smith in it. —Heavens ! how my heart throbs !—I did not expect him ’till to-morrow : I must run to receive him.—How shall I go up to the Abbey !—how support the last embrace of Sir James and Lady Powis !

Ten

Ten at night, just come from the Abbey.

Torn in peices!--my poor heart torn in peices!--I shall never see them more!--never again be strain'd to their parental bosoms.—Forgive me, my dearest Lady, I do not grieve that I am coming to *you*; I grieve only that I go from *them*.—Oh God! why must my soul be divided?

Another struggle too with poor Mrs. Jenkins!--She has been on her knees:---yes, thus lowly has she condescended to turn me from my purpose, and suffer Mr. Smith to go back without me.—I blush to think what pain, what trouble I occasion.—She talks of some *important event* at hand. She says if I go, it will end in the destruction of us all.—What can she mean by an *important event*?—Perhaps Lord Darcey—but no matter; nothing, my dear Lady, shall withhold me from you.—The good woman is now

more calm. I have assured her it is uncertain how long we may be in London: it is only that has calm'd her.--- She says, she is *certain* I shall return ;---she is *certain*, when Mr. Powis and his Lady arrives, *I must* return.---Next Thursday they are expected:---already are they arrived at Falmouth:---but, notwithstanding what I have told Mrs. Jenkins, to soften her pains at parting, I shall by Thursday be on my voyage;---for Mr. Smith tells me the Packet will sail immediately.---Perhaps I may be the messenger of my own letters ;---but I am determin'd to write on till I see you;---that when I look them over, my memory may receive some assistance.-----Good night, my dearest Lady ; Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. Smith expects me.

F. WARLEY.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

LORD DARCEY TO SIR JAMES POWIS.

London.

EVEN whilst I write, I see before me the image of my expiring father; — I hear the words that issued from his death-like lips; — my soul feels the weight of his injunctions; — *again* in my imagination I seal the sacred promise on his livid hand; — and my heart bows before Sir James with all that duty which is indispensable from a child to a parent.

Happiness is within my reach, yet without *your* sanction I *will* not, *dare* not, bid it welcome; I *will* not hold out my hand to receive *it*. — Yes, Sir, I love Miss Warley; I can no longer disguise my sentiments. — On the terrace I should not have disguis'd them, if your warmth had not made me tremble for the consequence.

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quence.--You remember my arguments *then*; suffer me now to reurge *them*.

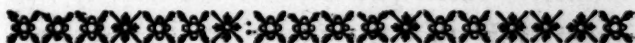
I allow it would be convenient to have my fortune augmented by alliance; but then it is not *absolutely* necessary I should make the purchase with my felicity.---A thousand chances may put me in possession of riches;---one event only can put me in possession of content.---Without *it*, what is a fine equipage?---what a splendid retinue?---what a table spread with variety of dishes?

Judge for me, Sir James; *you* who *know*, who *love* Miss Warley, judge for me.-----Is it possible for a man of my turn to see her, to talk with her, to know her thousand *virtues*, and not wish to be united to them?-----It is to your candour I appeal.---*Say I am* to be happy, *say* it only in one line, I come immediately to the Abbey, full of reverence, of esteem, of gratitude.

Think,

Think, dear Sir James, of Lady Powis;
 ---think of the satisfaction you hourly
 enjoy with that charming woman; then
 will you complete the felicity of

DARCEY.



LETTER XXVII.

Sir JAMES POWIS to LORD DARCEY.

Barford Abbey.

I Am not much surpris'd at the con-
 tents of your Lorfhip's letter; it
 is *what* Lady Powis and I have long con-
 jectur'd; yet I muſt tell you, my Lord,
 notwithstanding Miſs Warley's great
 merit, I ſhould have been much better
 pleas'd to have found myſelf miſtaken.

I claim no right to controul your in-
 clinations: the ſtrict obſervance you pay

your father's last requests, tempts me to give my opinion very opposite to what I should otherwise have done.—Duty like yours ought to be rewarded.—If you will content yourself with an incumber'd estate rather than a clear one, why---why---why---faith you shall not have my approbation till you come to the Abbey. Should you see the little bewitching Gipsy before I talk with you, who knows but you may be wise enough to make a larger jointure than you can afford?

I am glad your Lordship push'd the matter no farther on the terrace: I did not then know how well I lov'd our dear girl.--My wife is *so* pleas'd,--*so* happy, --*so* overjoy'd,--at what she calls your noble disinterested regard for her Fanny, that one would think she had quite forgot the value of *money*.—I expect my son to-morrow.---Let me have the happiness of embracing you at the same time; --you are both my children, &c. &c.

J. POWIS.

LETTER XXVIII.

Lord DARCEY to the Honourable GEORGE
MOLESWORTH.

Barford Abbey.

FULL of joy! full of surprize! I
dispatch a line by Robert.—Fly,
Molesworth, to Mr. Smith's, in *Bloomf-
bury-Square*:—tell my dearest, dear
Miss Warley, but tell her of it by de-
grees, that Mr. Powis is her *father*!
—Yes! her *father*, George;—and the
most desirable woman on earth her mo-
ther!—Don't tell her of it neither; you
will kill her with surprize.—Confounded
luck! that I did not know she was in
London.

I shall be with you in less than two
hours, after Robert:—I send him on,
with orders to ride every horse to death,
lest she should be set out for Dover.

Jenkinings,

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Jenkings is now on the road, but he travels too slow for my wishes.—If she is gone, prepare swift horses for me to follow :—I am kept by force to refresh myself.—What refreshment can I want !
——Fly, I say, to Miss Powis, now no longer Miss Warley.—Leave her not, I charge you ;—stir not from her ;—by our friendship, Moleworth, stir not from her till you see

DARCEY.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

The Honourable GEORGE MOLESWORTH
to RICHARD RISBY, Esq;

Dover.

OH Dick! the most dreadful affair has happen'd!—Lord Darcey is distracted and dying; I am little better.—Good God! what shall I do?—what can I do?—He lies on the floor in the next room, with half his hair torn off.---Unhappy man! fatigue had near kill'd him, before the melancholy account reach'd his ears.---Miss Warley, I mean Miss Powis, is gone to the bottom.—She sunk in the yatch that sailed yesterday from Dover for Calais.---Every soul is lost.---The fatal accident was confirm'd by a boat which came in not ten minutes before we arriv'd.---There was no keeping it from Lord Darcey.---The woman of the Inn we are at has a son lost in the same

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same vessel: she was in fits when we alighted.—Some of the wreck is drove on shore.—What can equal this scene !
 --Oh, Miss powis ! most amiable of women, I tremble for your relations !—
 But Darcey, poor Darcey, what do I feel for you !—He speaks :—he calls for me :
 --I go to him.



Oh, Risby ! my heart is breaking ; for once let it be said a man's heart can break.
 --Whilst he rav'd, whilst his sorrows were loud, there was some chance ! but now all is over. He is absolutely dying, ---death is in every feature.—His convulsions how dreadful!--how dreadful the pale horror of his countenance !—
 But then so calm,--so compos'd !---I repeat, there can be no chance.---

Where is Molesworth ? I heard him say as I enter'd his apartment : come to me,

me, my friend,—*holding out his hand*—
come to me, my friend.---Don't weep ;
--- don't let me leave you in tears.---If
you wish me well, rejoice :---think how
I should have dragg'd out a miserable
number of days, after---oh, George !
after-- Here he stopp'd.---The surgeon
desired he would suffer us to lift him on
the bed.---No, he said, in a faltering ac-
cent, if I move I shall die before I have
made known to my friend my last re-
quest.---Upon which the physician and
surgeon retir'd to a distant part of the
room, to give him an opportunity of
speaking with greater freedom.

He caught hold of my hand with the
grasp of anguish, saying, Go, go, I en-
treat you, by that steady regard which
has subsisted between us,---go to the un-
happy family :---if they can be comforted ;
ay, if they *can*, you must undertake the
task.---I will die without you.---Tell them
I send the thanks, the duty, of a dying
man ;

man ;---that they must consider me as their own. A few, a *very* few hours ! and I shall be their own ; ----- I shall be united to their angel daughter.---Dear soul, he cried, is it for this,--- for this I tore myself from you !---But stop, I will not repine ; the reward of my sufferings is at hand.

Now, you may lift me on the bed ;---
now, my friend, pointing to the door,
---*now*, my dear Moleworth, if you wish I should die in-----*there fainted*.-----He lay without signs of life so long, that I thought all was over.-----

I cannot comply with his last request ; ---it is his last I am convinc'd ;---he will never speak more, Risby !---he will never *more* pronounce the name of Moleworth.

Be yours the task he assign'd me.---Go instantly to the friends you revere ;---go to Mr. and Mrs. Powis, the poor unfortunate

fortunate parents.---Abroad they were to you as tender relations; ---in England, your first returns of gratitude will be mournful.---you have seen Miss Powis: it could be no other than that lovely creature whom you met so accidentally at ---: the likeness she bore to her father startled you. She was then going with Mr. Jenkins into Oxfordshire:---you admired her;---but had you known her mind, how would you have felt for Darcey!

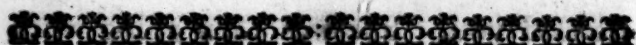
Be cautious, tender, and circumspect, in your sad undertaking.-----Go first to the old steward's, about a mile from the Abbey; if he is not return'd, break it to his wife and son.---They will advise, they will assist you, in the dreadful affair. ---I hope the poor old gentleman has not proceeded farther than London.---Write the moment you have seen the family; write every melancholy particular: my
mind

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mind is only fit for such gloomy recitals.
---Farewell! I go to my dying friend.

Yours,

MOLESWORTH.



L E T T E R X X X .

Captain RISBY to the honourable GEORGE
MOLESWORTH.

Barford Abbey.

WHAT is the sight of thousands
slain in the field of battle, com-
par'd with the scene I am just escap'd
from!—How can I be circumstantial!—
where am I to begin!-----whose distress
shall I paint first!--can there be prece-
dence in sorrow!

What a weight will human nature sup-
port before it sinks!---- The distress'd in-
habitants

habitants of this house are still alive ; it is proclaim'd from every room by dreadful groans.-----You sent me on a raven's message :-----like that ill-boding bird I flew from house to house, afraid to croak my direful tidings.

By your directions I went to the steward's ;--at the gate stood my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Powis, arm in arm.——I thought I should have sunk ;--I thought I should have died instantly.--I was turning my horse to go back, and leave my black errand to be executed by another.

They were instantly at my side ;——a hand was seiz'd by each, and the words Risby !-----captain Risby !—ecchoed in my ears.——What with their joyous welcomes,---and transported countenances, I felt as if a flash of lightning had just darted on my head.---Mrs. Powis first perceiv'd the alteration ! and ask'd,
if

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if I was well ; — if any thing had happen'd to give me concern ?

Certainly there has, said Mr. Powis, or *you* are not the same man you *was*, Risby. — It is true, Sir, return'd I ! — it is true I am not *so* happy as when I last saw *you* ; — my mind is disagreeably situated ; — could I receive joy, it would be in knowing this amiable woman to be Mrs. Powis.

You both surprise and affect us, replied he.

Indeed you do, join'd in his Lady ; but we will try to remove your uneasiness : — pray let us conduct you to the Abbey ; you are come to the best house in the world to heal grievances. — Ah, Risby ! said my friend, all there is happiness. — Dick, I have the sweetest daughter : but Lord Darcey, I suppose, has told you every

every thing ; we desir'd he would ; and that we might see you immediately.—Can *you* tell us if his Lordship is gone on to Dover ?

He is, returned I.—I did not wait his coming down, wanting to discover to you the reason of my perplexities.

What excuse after saying this, could I make, for going into the steward's !——For my soul, I could not think of any.—Fortunately it enter'd my head to say, that I had been wrong directed ;---that a foolish boy had told me this was the strait road to the Abbey.

Mr. and Mrs. Powis importun'd me to let the servant lead my horse, that I might walk home with them.-----*This* would never do.-----I could not longer trust myself in *their* company, 'till I had reconnoitred the family ;---'till I had examin'd who *there* was best fitted to bear
the

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the first onset of sorrow.---I brought myself off by saying one of my legs was hurt with a tight boot.

Well then, go on, Risby, said Mr. Powis: you see the Abbey just before you; my wife and I will walk fast;---we shall be but a few minutes behind.

My faculties were quite unhing'd, at sight of the noble structure.---I stopp'd, paus'd, then rode on; stopp'd again, irresolute whether to proceed.-----Recollecting your strict injunctions, I reach'd the gate which leads to the back entrance: there I saw a well-looking gentleman and the game-keeper just got off their horses:---the former, after paying me the compliments of his hat, took a brace of hares from the keeper, and went into the house.---I ask'd of a servant who stood by, if that was Sir James Powis?

No,

No, Sir, he replied; but Sir James is within.

Who is that gentleman? return'd I.

His name is Morgan, Sir.

Very intimate here, I suppose;--is he not?

Yes, very intimate, Sir.

Then *he* is the person I have business with; pray tell him so.

The servant obey'd.--Mr. Morgan came to me, before I had dismounted; and accosted me very genteely, ask'd what my commands were with him?

Be so obliging, Sir, I replied, to go a small distance from the house; and I will unfold an affair which I am sorry to be the messenger of.

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D

Nothing

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Nothing is amiss, Sir, I hope: you look strangely terrified; but I'll go with you this instant.-----On that he led me by a little path to a walk planted thick with elms; at one end of which was a bench, where we seated ourselves.---*Now*, Sir, said Mr. Morgan, you may *here* deliver what you have to say with secrecy.-----I don't recollect to have had the honour of seeing *you* before;---but I wait with impatience to be inform'd the occasion of this visit.

You are a friend, I presume, of Sir James Powis.

Yes, Sir, I am: he has *few* of longer standing, and, as times go, *more* sincere, I believe.--- But what of that?---do you know any harm, Sir, of me, or of my friend?

God knows I do not;---but I am acquainted, Mr. Morgan, with an unfortunate

fortunate circumstance relative to Sir James.

Sir James! Zounds, do speak out:--Sir James, to my knowledge, does not owe a shilling.

It is not money-matters, Sir, that brought me here:—heaven grant it was!

The devil, Sir!--tell me at once, what is this damn'd affair? Upon my soul, you must tell me immediately.

Behold!--read, Sir—what a task is mine! (*putting your letter into his hands.*)

Never was grief, surprize, and disappointment so strongly painted as in him. --At first, he stood quite silent; every feature distorted:--then starting back some paces, threw his hat over the hedge; --stamp'd on his wig;--and was strip-

ping himself naked, to fling his clothes into a pond just by, when I prevented him.

Stop, Sir, I cried : do not alarm the family before they are prepar'd.---Think of the dreadful consequences!---think of the unhappy parents!---Let us consult how to break it to them, without severing their hearts at one blow.

'Zounds, Sir, don't talk to me of breaking it ; I shall go mad :---you did not know her.---Oh ! she was the most lovely, gentle creature !---What an old blockhead have I been !---Why did I not give her my fortune ?---*then* Darcey would have married her ;---*then* she would not have gone abroad ;---*then* we should have sav'd her, Oh ! she was a sweet, dear soul!---What good will my curst estates do me *now* ?---You shall have them, Sir ;---any body shall have them, ---I don't care what becomes of *me*. ---Do order my horse, Sir ;--- I say again,

again, do order my horse. I'll never see this place more.——Oh! my dear, sweet, smiling girl, why would you go to France?

Here I interrupted him.

Think not, talk not, Sir, of leaving the family in such a melancholy situation.——Pray recollect yourself.——You *ought* not to run from your friends;——you *ought* to redouble your affection at this hour of trial.——Who *can* be call'd friends; but those who press forward, when all the satisfactions of life draw back.--You are not;---your feeling heart tells me you are not one of the many that retire with such visionary enjoyments.——Come, Sir, for the present forget the part you bear in this disaster:---consider,---pray, consider her poor parents; consider what will be their sufferings:-----let it be our task to prepare them.

What you say is very right, Sir, return'd he.----I believe you are a good christian;---God direct us.---God direct us.----I wish I had a dram:---faith, I shall be choak'd---Sweet creature!---what will become of Lord Darcey!---I never wanted a dram so much before.---Your name, Sir, if you please.---I perceive we shall make matters worse by staying out so long.

I told him my name; and that I had the honour of being intimately acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Powis.

He continued,--You will go in *with me*, Sir.---How am I to act!---I'll follow your advice.---We must expect it will be a dreadful peice of work.---

Caution and tenderness, Mr. Morgan, will be absolutely necessary.

But

- But where is my hat?---where is my wig?--have I thrown them into the pond?

It is well the poor distress'd man recollected he had them not; or, bare-headed as he was, I should have gone with him to the house.-----I pick'd them up, all over dirt; and, as well as I could, clean'd them with my handkerchief.

Now, Sir, said I, if you will wipe your face, --for the sweat was standing on it in large drops,---I am ready to attend you,

So I must *really* go in, captain.-----I don't think I can stand it;---you had better go without me.--Upon my soul, I had sooner face the mouth of a cannon.---If you would blow my brains out, it would be the kindest thing you ever did in your life.

Poh ! don't talk at this rate, Sir.---Do we live only for ourselves?-----

D 4.

But

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But *will* you not leave us, captain ;---
will you not run from us, when all is
out ?

Rather, Sir, suspect me of cowardice.
----I should receive greater satisfaction
from administering the smallest consolation
to people in distress, than from whole
nations govern'd by my nod.

Well, captain, I *will* go ;--I *will* do
any thing you desire me, since you are
so good to say you will not leave us.

But, notwithstanding his fair promise,
I never expected to get him within the
doors.-----He was shifting from side to
side :---sometimes he would stand still,---
sometimes attempt to retreat.-----When
we were just at the house, a servant ap-
pear'd :---of whom he enquir'd. if Mr.
and Mrs. Powis were return'd ; and was
inform'd the latter was within ;---the for-
mer gone out in pursuit of us. We
likewise

likewise found the Ladies were with Sir James in the library. I sent in my name: it was in vain for me to expect any introduction from my companion.

Mrs. Powis flew to meet me at the door:—Mr. Morgan lifted up his eyes, and shook his head.—I never was so put to it:—I knew not what to say, or how to look.—Welcome, Mr. Risby, said the amiable, unfortunate, unsuspecting mother;—doubly welcome at this happy juncture.—Let me lead you to parents, introducing me to Sir James and Lady Powis, from whom I have receiv'd all my felicity.

You need not be told my reception:—it is sufficient that you know Sir James and her Ladyship.—My eyes instantly turn'd on the venerable chaplain: I thought I never discover'd so much of the angel in a human form.

Mrs. Powis ask'd me a thousand questions;—except answering *them*, I sat stupidly silent.—It was not so with Mr. Morgan : he walk'd, or rather ran up and down ;—his eyes fix'd on the floor, his lips in motion.—The ladies spoke to him : he did not answer ; and I could perceive them look on each other with surprize.

Mr. Powis enter'd :—the room seem'd to lift up :—I quite rambled when I rose to receive his salute.—Mr. Morgan was giving me the slip.—I look'd at him significantly ;—then at Mr. Watfon ;—as much as to say, Take him out ; acquaint him with the sorrowful tidings.—He understood the hint, and immediately they withdrew together.

Come, dear Risby, pluck up, said Mr. Powis :—do not you, my friend, be the only low spirited person amongst us.—
I fear

I fear Mr. Risby is not well, return'd Lady Powis.—We must not expect to see every one in high spirits; because *we* are : —*our* blessings must be consider'd as *very* singular.—You have not mention'd Fanny to your friends.

Indeed, Madam, I have, replied he. —Risby knows, I every minute expect my belov'd daughter.—But tell me, Dick ;—tell me, my friend ;—all present are myself ;—fear not to be candid ;—what accident has thrown a cloud of sadness over your once chearful countenance ?—Can I assist you ?—My advice, my interest, my purse, are all your own.—Nay, dear Risby, you must not turn from me.—I did turn ; I could hold it no longer.—

Pray Sir, said Mrs. Powis, do speak ; —do command us ; and she condescended to lay her hand on mine.—Lady Powis, Sir James too, both intreated I

would suffer them to make me happy.---
Dear worthy creatures, how my heart
bled ! how it still bleeds for them !

I was attempting some awkward acknowledgement, when Mr. Watson enter'd, led by Mr. Morgan.---I saw he had executed the task, which made me shudder.---Never did the likeness of a being cælestial shine more than in the former ! He mov'd gently forward,--plac'd himself next Lady Powis ;-----pale,---trembling,---sinking.-----Mr. Morgan retired to the window.---

Now,—now,—the dreadful discovery was at a crisis.——Mr. Watson, sigh'd. —Lady Powis eyed him with attention ; then starting up, cry'd, bless me ! I hear wheels : suppose, Mr. Watson, it should be Fanny ;——and after looking into the lawn resum'd her chair.

Pardon

Pardon me, Lady Powis, said Mr. Watſon in a low voice ; why *this* impatience ?——Ah Madam ! I could rather wiſh you to check than encourage *it*.

Hold, hold, my worthy friend, return'd Sir James ; do you forget four hours ſince how you ſtood liſtning at a gate by the road-ſide, ſaying, you could hear, tho' not ſee ?

We muſt vary our hopes and inclinations, reply'd Mr. Watſon. —— Divine Providence —— there ſtopp'd ; — not another word. — He ſtopp'd ; — he groan'd, —— and was ſilent. — Great God ! cried Mr. Powis, is my child ill ? — Is my child dead ? frantickly echoed Mrs. Powis. — Heaven forbid ! exclaim'd Sir James and his lady, ariſing. — Tell us, Mr. Watſon ; tell us, Mr. Riſby.

When you are compos'd, — returned the former —— Then our child is dead, —
really

really dead ! shriek'd the parents.—No, no, cried Lady Powis, clasping her son and daughter in her arms,——she is not dead ; I am sure she is not dead.

Mr. Watfon, after many efforts to speak, said, in a faltering voice,——Consider we are christians :—let that bless'd name fortify our souls.

Mrs. Powis fell on her knees before him,——heart-rending sight !——her cap torn off,——her hair dishevell'd——her eyes fix'd ;——not a tear, not a single tear to relieve the bitter anguish of her soul.

Sir James had left the room ;——Lady Powis was sunk almost senseless on the sofa ;——Mr. Powis kneeling by his wife, clasping her to his bosom ;——Mr. Morgan in a corner roaring out his affliction ;——Mr. Watfon with the voice of an angel speaking consolation.——I say nothing of my own feelings.——God, how great !

great!--how inexpressible! when Mrs. Powis, still on her knees, turn'd to me with uplifted hands,---Oh Mr. Risby! cried she,---can *you*,---can *you* speak comfort to the miserable?-----Then again addressing Mr. Watson,-----Dear saint, only say she lives:---I ask no more; only say she lives.---My best love!--my life!--my Fanny! said Mr. Powis, lifting her to the sofa;--live,--live,--for my sake-----Oh!--Risby, are *you* the messenger?---his head fell on my shoulder, and he sobb'd aloud.

Lady Powis beckon'd him towards her, and looking at Mrs. Powis with an expressive glance of tenderness,---said, Compose yourself, my son;---what will become of *you*, *if*---He took the meaning of her words, and wrapping his arms about his wife, seem'd for a moment to forget his own sorrow in endeavours to soothe her.

What

What an exalted woman is Lady Powis !

My children, said she, taking a hand from each,---I am thankful : whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.---Let us follow his great example of patience,---of resignation.--What is a poor span ?---*Ours* will be eternity.

I wisper'd Mr. Morgan a female friend would be necessary to attend the Ladies ;---one whom they lov'd,---whom they confided in, to be constantly with them in their apartments.---He knew just such a woman, he said ; and went himself to fetch Mrs. Jenkins.---Lady Powis being unable longer to support herself, propos'd withdrawing.---I offer'd my arm, which she accepted, and led her to the dressing-room.---Mrs. Powis follow'd, almost lifeless, leaning on her husband :---there I left them together,
and

and walk'd out for a quarter of an hour to recover my confus'd senses.

At my return to the library, I found Sir James and Mr. Watson in conversation. — The former, with a countenance of horror and distraction, — Oh Sir ! said he, as I came near him, — do I see you again ? — are you kind enough not to run from our distress ?

Run from it, Sir James ! I reply'd ; — no, I will stay and be a partaker.

Oh Sir ! he continued, you know not *my* distress : — death only can relieve *me* ; — I am without *hope*, without *comfort*.

And is this, Sir James, what you are arriv'd at ? said the good chaplain. — is this what you have been travelling sixty years after ? — Wish for death ! yet say you have neither hope or comfort. — Your good Lady, Sir, is full of both ;

both ;—*she* rejoices in affliction :—*she* has long look'd above this world.

So might I, he reply'd,—had I no more to charge myself with than *she* has.—*You* know, Mr. Watson,—*you* know how faulty I have been.

Your errors, dear Sir James, said he, are not remember'd.—Look back on the reception you gave your son and daughter.

He made no reply ; but shedding a flood of tears, went to his afflicted family.

Mr. Watson, it seems, whilst I had been out, acquainted him with the contents of your letter ;—judging it the most seasonable time, as their grief could not then admit of increase.

Sir

Sir James was scarce withdrawn, when Lady Powis sent her woman to request the sight of it.—As I rose to give it into her hand, I saw Mr. Morgan pass by the door, conducting an elderly woman, whom I knew afterward to be Mrs. Jenkins.—She had a handkerchief to her eyes, one hand lifted up ;--and I heard her say, Good God, Sir ! what shall I do ?--how can I see the dear Ladies ?--Oh Miss Powis !—the amiable Miss Powis !

Mr. Morgan join'd us immediately, with whom and Mr. Watson I spent the remainder of this melancholy evening : at twelve we retir'd.

So here I sit, like one just return'd from the funeral of his best friend ;—alone, brooding over every misery I can call together.--The light of the moon, which shines with uncommon splendor, casts not one ray on my dark reflections :

nor---

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—nor do the objects which present themselves from the windows offer one pleasing idea ;—rather an aggravation to my heart-felt anguish.——Miserable family !
—miserable those who are interested in its sad disaster !

I go to my bed, but not to my repose.



Nine o'clock in the morning.

How sad, how gloomy, has been the approach of morning ! About six, for I had not closed my eyes,—somebody entered my chamber. I supposed it Mr. Morgan, and drew aside my curtain.--- It was not Mr. Morgan ;---it *was* the poor disconsolate father of Miss Powis, more agitated, if possible, than the preceeding night. He flung himself on my bed with agony not to be express'd :---

Dear

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Dear Risby, said he, *do* rise :---*do* come to my apartment.---Alas ! my Fanny---

What new misfortune, my friend ? ask'd I, starting up.---My wife ! return'd he !---she is in fits ;---she has been in fits the whole night.-----Oh Risby ! if I should lose *her*, if I should lose my *wife* ! ---My parents *too*, I shall loose them !

Words could not lessen his affliction. I was silent, making what haste I could to huddle on my cloaths ;---and at his repeated intreaties follow'd him to his wife. ---She was sitting near the fire, drowned in tears, supported by her woman. I was pleas'd to see them drop so plentifully.---She lifted up her head a little, as I enter'd.---How alter'd !---how torn to pieces with grief ! ----- Her complexion once so lovely,---how changed in a few hours !

My

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My husband ! said she, in a faint voice, as he drew near her. Then looking at me,---Comfort him, Mr. Risby; don't let him sob so.---Indeed he will be ill; ---indeed he will.---Then addressing him, Consider, she who used to be your nurse is now incapable of the task.---His agitation was so much increas'd by her words and manner, that I attempted to draw him into another apartment.--Your intentions are kind, said she, Mr. Risby; ---but I *must* not lose my husband:---you see how it is, Sir, shaking her head;---try to sooth him; talk to him *here*; but do not take him from *me*.

Then turning to Mr. Powis,---I am better, my love,---don't frighten yourself: we must learn to be resign'd.---Set the example, and I will be resign'd, said he,---wiping away the tears as they trickled down her cheek;---if my Fanny supports herself, I shall not be quite miserable.

In

BARFORD ABBEY. 71

In this situation I left them, to close my letter.

What is become of poor Lord Darcey ? For ever is he in my thoughts.——His death will be an aggravation to the general sorrow.---Write instantly :---I wait your account with impatience ; yet dread to receive it.

Yours,

RISBY.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXI.

The Honourable GEORGE MOLESWORTH to
RICHARD RISBY, Esq;

Dover.

SAY not a word of it;-- no, not for the world;---the body of Miss Powis is drove on shore.---If the family choose to have her brought down, it may be done some time hence.---I have order'd an undertaker to get a lead coffin, and will take care to have her remains properly deposited. It would be an act of cruelty at present to acquaint her friends with this circumstance. I have neither leisure or spirits to tell you in what manner the body was found, and how I knew it to be Miss Powis's.

The shore is fill'd with a multitude of people.---What sights will they gaze on
to

to satisfy their curiosity!—a curiosity that makes human nature shrink.

I have got three matronly women to go with the undertaker, that the body may be taken up with decency.

Darcey lives;---but *how* does he live?
---Without sense; almost without motion.

God protect the good old steward!---the worthy Jenkins!—He is with you before this:—he has told you every thing. I could not write by him:—I thought I should never be able to touch a pen again.---He had left Dover before the body was found.---What conflicts did he escape! But as it is, I fear his grey hairs will go down with sorrow to the grave.---God support us all!

MOLESWORTH.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Captain RISBY to the honourable GEORGE
MOLESWORTH.

Barford Abbey.

MY heart bleeds afresh.——Her
body found! Good heaven!——
it *must* not,---*shall* not come to the know-
ledge of the family.---At present they
submit with a degree of resignation.--Who
knows but a latent hope might remain?
——Instances have been known of many
saved from wrecks;---but her body is
drove on shore.---Not a glimmering;---
possibility is *now* out of the question.---
The family are determin'd to shut them-
selves out from the world;——No com-
pany ever more to be admitted;---never
to go any where but to the church.——
Your letter was deliver'd me before them.
——I was ask'd tenderly for poor Lord
Darcey.——What could I answer?——
Near

Near the same ; not worse, on the whole.
 —They flatter themselves he will recover :
 —I encourage all their flattering hopes.

Mrs. Jenkins has never been home since Mr. Morgan fetch'd her ; — Mr. Jenkins too is constantly here ; — sometimes Edmund : — except the unhappy parents, never was grief like theirs !

Mr. Jenkins has convinc'd me it was Miss Powis which I saw at —. Strange reverse of fortune since that hour !

When the family are retir'd, I spend many melancholy hours with poor Edmund ! — and from him have learnt the reason why Mr. Powis conceal'd his marriage ; — which is *now* no secret. — Even Edmund never knew it till Mr. and Mrs. Powis return'd to England. — Take a short recital : — it will help to pass away a gloomy moment.

E 2

WHEN

WHEN Mr. Powis left the University, he went for a few months to Ireland with the Lord Lieutenant; and at his return intended to make the Grand Tour.—In the mean time, Sir James and Lady Powis contract an intimacy with a young Lady of quality, in the bloom of life, but not of beauty.----- By what I can gather, Lady Mary Sutton is plain to a degree,---with a mind.----- But why speak of her mind?---let that speak for itself.

She was independent; her fortune noble;-- her affections disengag'd.---Mr. Powis returns from Ireland: Lady Mary is then at the Abbey. ---Sir James in a few days, without consulting his son, sues for her alliance.---Lady Mary supposes it is with the concurrence of Mr. Powis:---*his* person,---*his* character,---*his* family, were unexceptionable; and generously she declar'd her sentiments in his favour.

favour.---Sir James, elated with success, flies to his son;---and in presence of Lady Powis, tells him he has secur'd his happiness.-----Mr. Powis's inclinations not coinciding,-----Sir James throws himself into a violent rage.-----Covetousness and obstinacy always go hand in hand:---both had taken such fast hold of the Baronet, that he swore---and his oath was without reservation---he would never consent to his son's marrying any other woman.---Mr. Powis, finding his father determin'd, ---and nothing, after his imprecation, to expect from the entreaties of his mother,--- strove to forget the person of Lady Mary, and think only of her mind.---Her Ladyship, a little chagrin'd Sir James's proposals were not seconded by Mr. Powis, pretended immediate business into Oxfordshire.-----The Baronet wants not discernment: he saw through her motive; and taking his opportunity, insinuated the violence of his son's passion, and likewise the great timidity it occa-

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sion'd :---he even prevail'd on Lady Powis to propose returning with her to Brandon Lodge.

The consequence of this was, the two Ladies set out on their journey, attended by Sir James and Mr. Powis, who, in obedience to his father, was still endeavouring to conquer his indifference. —

Perhaps, *in time*, the amiable Lady Mary might have found a way to his heart, had she not introduc'd the very evening of their arrival at the Lodge, her counter-part in every thing but person : —there Miss Whitmore outshone her whole sex. This fair neighbour was the belov'd friend of Lady Mary Sutton, and soon became the idol of Mr. Powis's affections, which render'd his situation still more distressing — His mother's disinterested tenderness for Lady Mary ; ---her own charming qualifications ; ---his father's irrevocable menace, commanded

manded him one way :--Miss Whitmore's charms led him another.

Attached as he was to this young Lady, he never appear'd to take the least notice of her more than civility demanded ; --- tho' she was of the highest consequence to his repose, yet the obstacles which surrounded him seem'd insurmountable.

Sir James and Lady Powis retiring one evening earlier than usual,---Lady Mary and Mr. Powis were left alone. The latter appear'd greatly embarrass'd. Her Ladyship eyed him attentively ; but instead of sharing his embarrassment,---began a conversation of which Miss Whitmore was the subject.---She talk'd *so* long of her many excellencies, profess'd *such* sincerity, *such* tenderness, *for her*, that his emotion became visible :---his fine eyes were full of fire ; ---his expressive features spoke what she had

long wish'd to discover.—You are silent, Sir, said she, with a smile of ineffable sweetness; is my lovely friend a subject that displeases you?—

How am I situated! replied he.——
Generous Lady Mary, dare I repose a confidence in your noble breast?——
Will you permit me that honour?—*Will* you not think ill of me, if I disclose——
No, I cannot——presumption---I *dare* not——She interrupted him:

Ah Sir!—you hold me unworthy,---
you hold me incapable of friendship:---
Suppose me your sister:—if you had a sister, would you conceal any thing from *her*? Give me then a *brother*;—
I can never behold *you* in any other light.

No, my Lady;——no, returned he,
I deserve not *this* honour.——If you knew, Madam,——if you knew all,—
you *would*, you *must* despise me.

Despise

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Despise you, Mr. Powis!—she replied:—despise you for loving Miss Whitmore!

Exalted goodness! said he,——approaching her with rapture: take my heart;-----do with it as you please;-----it is devoted to your generosity.

Well then, said she, I command *it*,
——I command *it* instantly to be laid open before me.——*Now* let it speak;—*now* let it declare if I am not the bar to its felicity;——if---

No, my good angel, interrupted he, dropping on his knees,---and pressing her hand to his lips;---I see it is through you,-----through you only,-----I am to expect felicity.

Before Lady Mary could prevail on Mr. Powis to arise, Sir James, whom they did not expect,---and who they thought

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was retir'd for the night, came in quest of his snuff-box ;-----but with a countenance full of joy retir'd precipitately, bowing to Lady Mary with the same reverence as if she had been a molten image cast of his favourite metal.

In this conversation I have been circumstantial, that you might have a full view of the noble, disinterested Lady Mary Sutton :-----you may gather now, from whence sprang her unbounded affection for the incomparable, unfortunate Miss Powis.

You will not be surpris'd to find a speedy marriage took place between Mr. Powis and Miss Whitmore, to which none were privy but the Dean of H-----, who perform'd the ceremony,--- Lady Mary,---Mrs. Whitmore (the mother of Mrs. Powis),--- --Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins---Perhaps you think Lady Powis ought to have been consulted :---

I thought

I thought so too; but am now convinc'd she would have been the wretchedest woman in the world, had she known her son acting diametrically opposite to the will of his father in so material a point.

To put it out of the power of every person intrusted with this momentous secret to divulge it,--and to make Mr. Powis perfectly easy,---each bound themselves at the altar where the ceremony was perform'd, never to make the least discovery 'till Mr. Powis thought fit to declare his marriage.

What an instance have I given you of *female* friendship!--Shew me such another:---our sex are a test of *their* friendships.

How many girls have I seen,--for ever together arm in arm, whispering their own, perhaps the secrets of all their neighbours;-----when in steps a young

fellow of our cloth,---or any other, it signifies not the colour,--and down tumbles the tottering basis.----Instead of *my dear* and *my love*, it is *shy creature*, *false friend*; could any one have thought Miss Such-a-one possess'd of so much art? -----then out comes intrigues, family-affairs, losses at cards,---in short, every thing that has been treasur'd up by two industrious fair ones seven years before.

Don't think me fatirical:---I am nice; -----*too* much so, perhaps.---The knowledge of *such* as constitute this little narrative, and *some* other minds like *theirs*, has made me rather *too* nice, as I said before:---a matter of little consequence, as I am situated.-----Can I look forward to happy prospects, and see how soon the fairest felicity is out of sight?-----This afflicted family, Molesworth, has taught me to forget,---that is, I ought to forget. -----But no matter;---never again let me see Lady Sophia;---never lead me a
second

second time into danger :—she is mortal, like Miss Powis.—Lord Darcey ! poor Lord Darcey !

If recollection will assist me, a word or two more of Mr. and Mrs. Powis.

Lady Sophia—the deuce is in me ! you know who I mean ;—why write I the name of Lady Sophia ?—upon my honour, I have given over all thoughts of that divinity—Lady Mary I should have said, a few months after the nuptials of her friends, wrote to Mr. Powis, who was then at Barford Abbey, an absolute refusal, in consequence of a preconcerted plan of operation.—Immediately after this she set out with Mrs. Powis for London, whose *situation* made it necessary for her to leave Hillford Down.

You will suppose, on the receipt of this letter, how matters were at the Abbey :—Sir James rav'd ; even Lady Powis thought

thought her son ill us'd; but, in consideration of their former intimacy, prevail'd on Sir James never to mention the affair, though from this time all acquaintance ceas'd between the families.

In order to conceal the marriage, it was inevitable Mr. Powis must carry his wife abroad; — and as he intended to travel before the match was thought of with Lady Mary, — his father now readily consented that he should begin his tour. — This furnish'd him with an excuse to go immediately to town, — where he waited 'till the angel that we all weep for, made her appearance.

But what, you ask, was Mrs. Powis's excuse to leave England, without being suspected? — Why, I'll tell you: by the contrivance of Lady Mary, together with Mrs. Whitmore, it was believ'd she had left the world; — that she died in town of a malignant fever; — that —
but

but I cannot be circumstantial.—Miss Powis, after her parents went abroad, was brought down by Lady Mary, and consign'd to the care of her grandmother, with whom she liv'd as the orphan child of some distant relation.

Whilst Mr. and Mrs. Powis were travelling through Italy, he apply'd to his friend the Lord-Lieutenant,—and by *that* interest was appointed to the government of —. It was here my acquaintance with them commenc'd: not that I suspected Miss Glinn to be Mrs. Powis, though I saw her every day.—*Glinn* was a name she assum'd till she return'd to England. A thousand little circumstances which render'd her character unsuspected, I want spirits to relate.—Suffice it to say, the death of Mrs. Whitmore---a daughter passing on the world for an orphan; and the absence of Lady Mary Sutton;—made them resolve to hazard every thing rather than leave
their

their child unprotected.--Alas! for
what are they come home?

Nothing is impossible with a Supreme
Being.-----Lord Darcey *may* recover.—
But why this ray of hope to make the
horrors of my mind more dreadful?—
He is *past* hope you say.—

RISBY.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXIII.

The Honourable GEORGE MOLESWORTH
to RICHARD RISBY, Esq;

Dover.

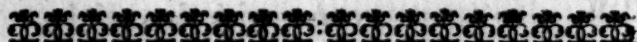
RISBY, I am lifted above myself!
--I am overcome with surprise!--
I am mad with joy!--Is it possible!--
can it be!--But Lord Darcey's servant
has swore it;--yes, he has swore, a letter
directed in Miss Powis's *own* hand lay
on the counter in a banker's shop where
he went to change a bill; the direction
was to Lady Mary Sutton:--he has put
many for the same Lady into the post-
office.--I *run*, I *ride*, or rather *fly* to
town.

You may jump, you may sing, but
command your features before the family.
--Should it be a mistake of John's, we
kill them twice.

If

If I live to see the resurrection of our hopes, John shall be with you instantly.
 -----On second thought, I will not dispatch this, unless we have a blest'd certainty.

MOLESWORTH.



L E T T E R XXXIV.

The Honourable GEORGE MOLESWORTH to
 the SAME.

London.

ARE you a mile from the Abbey,
 Dick?-----Are you out of sight,
 -----out of hearing?-----John, though
 you should offer to kill him, dare not
 deliver letter or message 'till you are at a
 proper distance.

Miss

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Miss Powis lives !-----Restore peace within the walls.---As I hope to be pardon'd for my sins, I have seen, I have spoke to her.---She lives !---Heavenly sound ! it should be convey'd to them from above.---She lives ! let me again repeat it.---Proclaim the joyful tidings : ---but for particulars have patience 'till I return to the man, to the friend my life is bound up in. I have seen him in every stage. Brightest has he shone, as the taper came nearer to an end. The rich cordial must be administered one drop at a time. ---Observe the caution.

MOLESWORTH.

LET-

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LETTER XXXV.

Captain RISBY to the Honourable GEORGE
MOLESWORTH.

Barford Abbey.

WELL, Molesworth -----well—
I can go no farther;—yet I
must;—*John*, poor faithful *John*, says I
must;—says he shall be sent back again.
---But I have lost the use of my fingers :
---my head bobs from side to side like a
pendulum. Don't stamp, don't swear :
they have a few drops of your cordial
more than I intended.---It operates well,
---I long to administer a larger potion.
---Could you see how I am shifted---now
here- -now there---by the torrent of joy,
that like a deluge almost drives reason
before it;---I say, could you see me,
you would not wonder at the few uncon-
nected lines of

Yours,

RISBY.

LETTER XXXVI.

The Honourable GEORGE MOLESWORTH to
RICHARD RISBY, Esq.

Dover.

DARCEY bears the joyful surprise beyond imagination :-----it has brought him from death to life.

Hear in what manner I proceeded.---
You may suppose the hurry in which I left Dover.-----I took no leave of my friend ;-----his humane apothecary promised not to quit him in my absence.---I gave orders when his lordship enquir'd for me, that he should be told particular business of my own had call'd me to town express.-----It happen'd very convenient that I left him in a profound sleep.

Away

Away I flew,---agitated betwixt *hope* and *fear*;---harrafs'd by fatigue;---not in a bed for three nights before;---nature was almost wore out, when I alighted at the banker's.

I accosted one of the clerks, desiring to speak with Mr. or Mrs. Delves*:---the former not at home, I was immediately conducted to the latter, a genteel woman, about forty.---She receiv'd me politely; but before I could acquaint her with the occasion of my visit, the door open'd, and in stepp'd a pretty sprightly girl, who on seeing me was going to retire.---Do you want any thing, my love? said Mrs. Delves. Only, Madam, she replied, if you think it proper for Miss Warley to get up.

Miss Warley! exclaim'd I.-----Great God! Miss Warley!---Tell me, Ladies, is Miss Warley *really* under your roof? ---Both at once, for *both* seem'd equally dispos'd

* The name of the banker.

dispos'd to diffuse happiness, answer'd to my wishes.

I threw myself back in my chair :--- the surprise was more than I could support.---Shall I tell you all my weakness ? ---I even shed tears ;---yes, Dick, I shed tears :---but they were drops of heart-felt gladness.

The Ladies look'd on each other.--- Mrs. Delves said in a tone that shew'd she was not without the darling passion of her sex,

Pardon me, Sir ! I think I have heard Miss Warley has *no* brother,---or I should think by *your* emotion I saw him before me.---But whoever you are, this humanity is noble.---Indeed the poor young Lady has been extremely ill.

I am not her brother, Madam, return'd I.---It is true, she has *no* brother ;---but
she

she has parents, *she has* friends, who lament her dead :—*their* sorrow has been *mine*.

I fear, Sir, return'd she, it will not end here. ——— I grieve to tell you, the Miss Warley you speak of is not with me ;— I know nothing of that Lady :—— my Miss Warley has no parents.

I still persisted it was the same ; and, to the no small gratification of both mother and daughter, promis'd to explain the mystery.—But before I began, Miss Delves was sent to desire Miss Warley would continue in bed an hour longer, on account of some visitors that had dropp'd in accidentally.

Soon as Miss Delves return'd, I related every particular.—I cannot tell you half that pass'd ;—I cannot describe their astonishment :— but let me *tell* you, Miss Powis is just recover'd from the small-

pox ;---that this was the second day of her sitting up :-----let me *tell* you *too* her face is as beautiful as ever.---On mature deliberation, it was determin'd, for the sake of Miss Powis's health, she must some time longer think her name Warley.

I din'd with my new acquaintance, on their promising to procure an interview for me with Miss Powis in the afternoon.

It was about five when I was admitted to her presence.---I found her in an elegant dressing-room, sitting on a sofa : her head a little reclin'd.-----I stepp'd slow and softly : she arose as I enter'd.---I wonder not that Darcey adores her : never was a form so perfect !

My trembling knees beat one against another.-----My heart,---my impatient heart, flew up to my face to tell its joyful sensations.---I ventur'd to press her hand to my lips, but was incapable of pro-

nouncing a syllable.---She was confus'd :
 ——— she certainly thought of Darcey,
 when she saw his friend,---I took a chair
 next her.---I shall not repeat our conver-
 sation 'till it became interesting, which
 began by her asking, if I had heard lately
 any accounts from Barford Abbey ?——
 Lord Darcey, Madam, I reply'd, has
 receiv'd a letter from Sir James.

Lord Darcey ! she repeated with great
 emotion.—Is Sir James and Lady Powis
 well, Sir ?

His Lordship, replied I, awkwardly,
 did not mention particulars.——I be-
 lieve.—I suppose,——your friends are
 well.

I fear, said she, sighing, they will
 think me an ungrateful creature.—No
 person, Mr. Moleworth, had ever *such*
 obligations to their friends as *I have*.——
 This family, looking at the two Ladies,
 must

must be rank'd with my best.—Their replies were polite and affectionate.—Can you tell me, Sir, continued she, if Lord —here her face was all over crimson —heavens! I mean, if Mr. Powis and his Lady are at the Abbey?—Why did not she say Lord Darcey? I swear the name quiver'd on his lips.

I answer'd in the affirmative;—and sitting silent a moment,—she ask'd how I discover'd her to be still in England.—I said by means of a servant:—true enough, Dick:—but then I was obliged to add, this servant belonged to Mr. Delves, and that he accidentally happen'd a few hours since to mention her name whilst I was doing business in the shop.—She was fond of dwelling on the family at the Abbey;—on Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins;—and once when I mention'd my friend, when I said how happy I should make him at my return;—pleasure, the

most difficult to be conceal'd of any sensation, sprang to her expressive eyes.

I suppose she will expect a visit from his Lordship.—If she is angry at being disappointed, no matter: the mistake will be soon clear'd up.

The moment I left her, I stepp'd into a chaise that waited for me at the door, and drove like lightning from stage to stage, till I reach'd this place;—my drivers being turn'd into Mercuries by a touch more efficacious than all the oaths that can be sworn by a first-rate blood.

I did not venture into Darcey's apartment 'till he was inform'd of my return. ---I heard him impatiently ask to see me, as I stood without the door. This call'd me to him;—when pulling aside the curtain he ask'd, Who is that?—Is it Moleworth?—Are you come, my friend? But what have you seen?—what have you

you heard?—looking earnestly in my face.—*I* am past joy,---past feeling pleasure even from you, George;—yet tell me why you look not so sorrowful as yesterday.---

I ask'd what alteration it was he saw :—what it was he suspected.---When I have griev'd, my Lord, it has been for you.—If I am now less afflicted, you must be less miserable. —He started up in the bed, and grasping both my hands in his, cry'd, Tell me, Molefworth, is there a possibility,---a bare possibility?—I ask no more;—only tell me there is a possibility.

My Lord,---my friend,---my Darcey, nothing is impossible.

By heaven! he exclaim'd, you would not flatter me;---by heav'n she lives!

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Ask me not farther, my Lord——
What is the blessing you most wish for?
——Suppose that blessing granted.——
And you, Risby, suppose the extasy, ——
the thankfulness that ensued.—He that
is grateful to man, can he be ungrate-
ful to his Maker?

Yours,

MOLESWORTH.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

Miss Powis to Lady Powis.

London.

THINK me not ungrateful, my ever-honour'd Lady, that I have been silent under the ten thousand obligations which I receiv'd at Barford Abbey.—But indeed, my dear Lady, I have been *very* ill.—I have had the small-pox:—I was seiz'd delirious the evening after my arrival in Town—My God! what a wretch did I set out with!—Vile man!—Man did I say?—*No*; he is a disgrace to *manhood*.—How shall I tell your Ladyship all I have suffer'd?—I am weak,—*very* weak;—I find myself unequal to the task.—

This moment I have hit on an expedient that will unravel all;—I'll recall a * let-

* This was the same Lord Darcey's servant saw on the counter.

ter which I have just sent down to be put into the post-office;——a letter I wrote Lady Mary Sutton immediately on my arrival here;---but was seiz'd so violently, that I could not add the superscription, for which reason it has lain by ever since. ---I am easy on Lady Mary's account : ---Mr. Delves has acquainted her of my illness :---likewise the prospect of my recovery.

Consider then, dear Lady Powis, the inclos'd as if it was address'd to yourself.

I cannot do justice to the affection,---the compassion,-----the tender assiduity I have experienc'd from Mr. Delves's family :---I shall always love them ; I hope too I shall always be grateful.

God grant, my dear Lady;-----God grant, dear Sir James, that long ere this you may have embrac'd Mr. and Mrs.
Powis.

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Powis.---My heart is with *you*:---it delights to dwell at Barford-Abbey.

In a few days I hope to do myself the honour of writing to your Ladyship again.----One line from your dear hand would be most gratefully receiv'd by your oblig'd and affectionate

F. WARLEY.

P. S. My good friends Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins shall hear from me next post.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miss POWIS to Lady MARY SUTTON.

London.

OH my dear Lady! what a villain have I escaped from?—Could your Ladyship believe that a man, who, to all appearance, has made a good husband to your agreeable neighbour upwards of twelve years, and preserv'd the character of a man of honour;—could you believe in the decline of life he would have fallen off? No; he cannot have fallen: such a mind as his never was exalted.—— It is the virtues of his wife that has hitherto made his vices imperceptible;—that has kept them in their dark cell, afraid to venture out;—afraid to appear amidst her shining perfections.—— Vile, abandon'd Smith!—— But for the sake of his injur'd, unhappy wife, I will
not

not discover his baseness to any but yourself and Lady Powis. — Perhaps Mrs. Smith may not be unacquainted with his innate bad principles;—perhaps she conceals her knowledge of them, knowing it vain to complain of a disorder which is past the reach of medicine. — What cure is there for mischief lurking under the mask of hypocrisy?—It must be of long standing before that covering can grow over it:—like a vellum on the eye, though taken off ever so skilfully, it will again spread on the blemish'd sight.

How am I running on!—My spirits are flutter'd:—I begin where I should end, and end where I should begin. — Behold me, dearest madam, just parted from my Hampshire friends, silent and in tears, plac'd by the side of my miscreant conductor. — You know, my Lady, this specious man *can* make himself vastly entertaining: he strove to ren-

der his conversation particularly so, on our first setting out.

We had travell'd on several stages without varying the subject, which was that of our intended tour, when I said I hop'd it would conquer Mrs. Smith's melancholy for the death of her brother.—How did his answer change him in a moment from the *most* agreeable to the *most* disgustful of his sex!

My wife, Miss Marley, with a leer that made him look dreadful, wants your charming sprightliness:—it is a curs'd thing to be connected with a gloomy woman.—

Gloomy, Sir! casting at him a look of disdain; do you call mildness, complacency, and evenness of temper, *gloomy*?

She is much alter'd, Madam;—is grown old and peevish;—her health is bad;—she cannot live long.

Mrs.

Mrs. Smith can never be *peevish*, Sir;—and as to her *age*, I thought it pretty near your *own*.

No, no, Madam, you are quite mistaken; I am at least five years younger.

Five years, Sir! what are five years at your time of life!

Come, come, Miss Warley, laying his huge paw on my *hand*, and in a tone of voice that shew'd him heartily nettled,—even at *my* time of life I can admire a beautiful young Lady.—If my wife should die,—*old as I am*—men *older* than myself, with half my estate, have married some of the finest women in the kingdom.

Very likely, Sir;—but then it is to be suppos'd the characters of *such* men have been particularly amiable.—No

man or woman of honour can esteem another whose principles are doubtful.

This was a pretty home-thrust; it put him more on his guard for the present : but had he behaved like an angel, I must have hated him. He was *very* respectful, *very* ceremonious, and *very* thoughtful, 'till we arrived at the inn where we were to stop the night; and had so much art not to seem displeas'd, that I refus'd giving him my company at supper, under pretence of indisposition.—Indeed, I was far from well : a child which I had seen a few hours before fresh in the small-pox, a good deal disconcerted me.—After fixing on my room, not to appear suspicious, I went down at his request, to eat a bit of cake and drink a glass of wine, before I retired for the night.—I had scarce swallow'd it when he left me, as he said, to speak to the drivers. I wished him a good night as he went out, and took an oppor--

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opportunity a few moments after to go to my chamber.---When there I lock'd the door, and sat myself down to undress; but I began to be greatly alarm'd by something that mov'd under the bed.--- Judge my surprize,---judge my horror, ---on taking the candle and examining, to see there a man!---but how was that surprize,---that horror increased, on discovering him to be the vile Smith!----- I gave a loud scream, and ran towards the door; but had not power to turn the key, before he caught me in his arms.---

Be calm, Miss Warley, cried the monster;-- hear what I have to say.---Suffer me to tell you, that I love you to distraction;---that I adore you.

Adore me, vile man! said I, breaking from him:---leave me this instant---be-gone:---leave me, I say, instantly.--- Again I scream'd.

No,

No, by heaven! he reply'd, I will not go 'till you have heard and pardon'd me.—Here I stand *determin'd* to be heard:---*bear* me, or this moment is my last.---With that he drew out a pistol, and held it to his breast.

And *dare* you, said I, collecting all my resolution,---*dare* you rush into eternity, without one virtue to offer up with your polluted soul?---I pronounc'd these words with steadiness --*He* trembled, he look'd like a criminal at the hour of execution.---Letting the pistol drop from his hand, the base dissembler fell on his knees before me--Nobody hearing my cries,---nobody coming to my assistance, I was oblig'd to hear, and pretended to credit his penitential protestations. God knows how my ears might have been farther shock'd with his odious passion, ---what indignities I might have suffer'd, ---had I not heard some person passing by the door of my apartment:---on
which

which I ventur'd to give another scream.
 ---The door was instantly burst open;
 and whilst an elderly Gentleman advanc'd towards me, full of surprize, the detested brute slipp'd away.---This Gentleman, my good deliverer, was no other than your Ladyship's banker, who when he was acquainted with my name, insisted on taking me to Town in his own coach, where he was returning from a visit he had made at Salisbury ---I did not ask, neither do I know what became of Smith; but I suppose he will set out with his wife immediately for Dover.---Thank God! I am not of the party.---How I pity poor Miss Francis Walsh, a young Lady who, he told me, was waiting at his house in Town to go over with them.---I am but just arrived at Mr. Delves's house.---Mr. and Mrs. Delves think with me, that the character of the *unworthy* Smith should not be expos'd for the sake of his *worthy* wife.—The family here are all amiable—I could say
 a great

a great deal more; but my head aches dreadfully.——This I must add, I have consented, at the tender intreaties of Mr. and Mrs. Delves, to remain with them 'till a proper opportunity offers to throw myself at your Ladyship's feet.——My head grows worse:——I must lay down my pen.---This bad man has certainly frightened me into a fever.

[The following lines were added after Miss Powis's recovery.]

I hope, my dear Lady, before this you have Mr. Delves's letter;----if so, you know I have had the small-pox.---You know too I am out of danger.——How can I be thankful enough for so many escapes!---This is the first day I have been able to hold a pen.——I am permitted to write no more than the name of your honour'd and affectionate

F. WARLEY.

L E T-

LETTER XXXIX.

Captain RISBY to the honourable GEORGE
MOLESWORTH.

Barford Abbey.

WILL all the thanks,——all the
gratitude,—the parents blessings,
—their infinity of joy, be contain'd in one
poor sheet?—No:—Was I to repeat
half,—only half of what they send you,
I might write on for ever.——One says
you shall be their son;—another, their
brother;—a third, that you are a man
most favour'd of heaven;——but all
agree, as a reward for your virtues, you
are impower'd to heal afflictions:——in
short, they want to make me think you
can make black white.——But enough
for the vanity of one man.

I dread your coming to the Abbey.—
We that are here already, shall only, then,
appear

appear like pilmires :—but let me caution my friend not to think his head will touch the clouds.

What man can bear to be twice disinherited ?—Mr. Morgan's estate, which the other day I was solely to possess, is now to devolve on the Honourable George Molefworth.—*But mark me :—*As I have been disinherited for you, *you* as certainly will be disinherited for Lord Darcey.

See what a man of consequence I am.—Does Captain Risby say *this* ?—Does Captain Risby say *that* ?—Does Captain Risby think well of it ?

Expect, George, to behold me push'd into preferment against my will ;-----all great people *say* so, you know ;—expect to behold me preside as governor of this castle.-----Let me enjoy it then ;-----let me plume myself beneath the sun-beam.

If

If to witness the honours with which I am surrounded, is insufficient to fill your expanded heart;—if it looks out for a warmer gratification; you shall see, you shall hear, the exulting parents :—you shall see Mr. Morgan revers'd ;----- Mr. Watson restor'd to *more* than sight ; -----the steward and his family worthy every *honour* they receive from this *honourable* house.

I hear my *shadow*.—Strange, indeed ! to hear *shadows* ;-----but more so to hear them swear,—Ha ! ha ! ha !---Ha ! ha ! ha !—I cannot speak to it for laughing. —Coming, Sir !——coming, Mr. Morgan !——Now is he cursing me in every corner of the house ;—I suppose dinner is on the table.

This moment return'd from regaling myself with the happy family ;—I mean Sir James and Lady Powis, with their joyful inmates.—Mr. and Mrs. Powis
are

are set out for London.—As an addition to their felicity, Lady Powis had a letter from her grand-daughter the instant they were stepping into the chaise.

For one hour I am at your command : — take, then, the particulars which I was incapable of giving you by John.—

I was sitting in the library-window, talking to Mr. Watson ; the Ladies, Sir James, and Mr. Morgan, in the dressing-room, when I saw John riding down the great road a full gallop.—At first I thought Lord Darcey had been dead ; then, again, consider'd his faithful servant would not have come post with the news :—however, I had not patience to go through the house, but lifting up a dash, jump'd out before he could reach the stable-yard.—Without speaking, I enquir'd of his face what tidings ; and was answer'd by a broad grin, I had nothing to fear from his message.

Well,

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Well, John, said I, running up to him,—how is your Lord? how is Mr. Molesworth?—

Better, I thank God, Sir;—better I thank God! With that he turned his horse, and was riding across the lawn.—

Zounds, John, where are you going?—where are you going?

Follow me, Sir;—follow me (setting up a brisk trot.) If you kill me, I dare not deliver letter or message before we are at a distance from the Abbey.

I thought him mad, but kept on by the side of his horse 'till we came to the gate of a meadow, where he dismounted.

Now, Sir, said he, with a look that bespoke his consequence,——have patience, whilst I tie up my horse.

Patience,

Patience, John ! (and I fwore at him) I am out of all *patience*.

With that he condescended to deliver your letters.—I rambled with surprise at the contents, and fell against a hedge.—John, who by this time had fasten'd his steed, came up to me just as I recover'd my legs ;—and speaking close to my ear,—'Twas *John Warren*, Sir, was the *man* who found out the Lady ; 'twas *I* was the *man*, Sir.

I shook him heartily by the hand, but for my soul could not utter a syllable.—I hope you are not ill, Sir, said the poor fellow, thinking me seiz'd speechless.—

No, John ;—no, reply'd I ; it is only excess of pleasure.—You are a welcome messenger :—you have made your fortune.

John

John Warren, and please your honour, has made his dear Lord happy; that is more *pleasurable* to him than all the riches in the world.

You are an honest, good creature, John.

Ay, Captain; but was it not very sensible to remember the young Lady's hand writing?——Would a powder-headed monkey have had the forecast?

Oh very sensible, John!—very sensible, indeed!——now go to the Abbey;——ask for my servant;—say you was sent by Mr. Moleworth to enquire for the family; but do not mention you have seen me: I shall return by a different way.

John mounted immediately, and I walk'd full speed towards the house.

I found Mr. Morgan taking long strides up and down the dining-parlour, puffing, blowing, and turning his wig on every side.

Where have you been, Captain? I have sent to seek you.—Lord Darcey's servant is without;—come to enquire how things are *here*.—I would not let them send his message up;—but I have been out myself to ask for his Lordship.

Well, Sir, and what says the servant?

Says!—Faith I hardly know what he says;—something about hopes of him:—to be plain, I should think it better if *hope* was out of the question.—If *he*, and all of *us* were dead—But see John yourself; I will send him to you.

As he was just without the door, I drew him back,—and turn'd the key.—

Come

Come hither, Sir ; ---Come hither, Mr. Morgan :—I have something of importance to communicate.

D---n ye, Captain, what's the matter now ? (staring.)---I'll hear no more bad news :---upon my soul I'll run out of it (attempting to open the door.)

Hold, Sir ; why this impatience ?---Miss Powis *lives* !--Will you run from me now ?---Miss Powis *lives* !--With that he sent forth a horrid noise ; something betwixt howling and screaming.---It reach'd the dressing-room, as well it might : had the wind sat that way, I question if the village would not have been alarm'd.---Down ran Sir James and Mr. Powis into the library ;---out jump'd Mr. Morgan. ---I held up my hand for him to retreat : ---he disregarding the caution, I follow'd ---Sir James was enquiring of a servant whence the noise had proceeded.

It was I, said Mr. Morgan, rubbing his sides, and expressing the agitation of joy by dumb shew ;---it was I, beating one of my damn'd dogs for running up stairs.

If that is all, said Mr. Powis,---let us return to my mother and wife, who are much hurried. Away we went together, and the affair of the dog pass'd very well on the Ladies.

I sat musing for some moments how to introduce the event my heart labour'd to give up.---*Every* sigh that escap'd,---*every* sorrowful look that was interchang'd, I *now* plac'd to my own account, because in *my* power to reverse the scene.

Addressing myself to Mr. Powis, I ask'd if he knew Lord Darcey's servant was below.---He shook his head ;---No, he answer'd.---Then it is all *over*, Risby, I suppose, in a low voice ?---I hardly wish

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for his *own* sake he may recover ;---for *ours*, it would be selfish.

He was not worse, I reply'd :---there was hope, ---great hope he would do well.

Blessings attend him! cried Mrs. Powis, ---tears starting afresh to her swollen eyes : ---then you really think, Mr. Ritby, he may recover?

If he does, Madam, return'd I, he is flatter'd into life. --- Flatter'd! said Mr. Powis eagerly ;---how flatter'd?

Why, continued I, he has been told some persons are sav'd from the wreck.

Up they, all started, surrounding me on every side :---there seem'd but one voice, yet each ask'd if I credited the report.

I said I did.——

Down they dropp'd on their knees,
praying with uplifted hands their dear,
—dear child may be of the number.—
Though nothing could equal the solemnity
of this scene, I could scarce command
my countenance, when I saw Mr.
Morgan standing in the midst of the circle,
his hat held up before his face, and
a cane under his arm.

As they rose from their knees,—I gave
them all the consolation I thought at that
moment they were capable of sustaining;
—and assured them no vigilance would
be wanting to come at particulars.—I
was ask'd, if there was any letter from Mr.
Molefworth?—When answer'd in the
affirmative,—the next question was, if
it related to what I had just disclos'd?—
I equivocated in my reply, and withdrew
to write the few unconnected lines sent
by John,

After

• After he was dispatched, I return'd immediately to the hoping,——fearing family.---Mr. Watſon was fitting amidſt them :---he ſeem'd like a Being of purity preſiding over hearts going to be rewarded for reſignation to the Divine will.

He heard me as I enter'd : he roſe from his ſeat as I came near him, and preſſing one of my hands between both his, whiſper'd, I have ſeen Mr. Morgan —— Then raiſing his voice, You are the meſſenger of joy, Mr. Riſby ;---complete the happineſs you have begun : —— all preſent, pointing round, are prepar'd to receive it.

Here drops my pen. —— I muſt not attempt this ſcene : —— a Shakeſpeare would have wrote it in tears.

How infinite,—— how dazzling the beauty of holineſs !---Affliction ſeems to have threaten'd this amiable family only

to increase their love,---their reverence,
 ---their admiration of Divine Omnipotence.-----Blessings may appear, as a certain great man remarks, under the shape of pain, losses, and disappointments ;-----but let us have patience, and we shall see them in their own proper figures.

If rewards even in this world attend the *virtuous*, who would be *deprav'd*?--- Could the loose, the abandon'd, look in on this happy mansion, how would their sensual appetites be pall'd!--How would they hate,-- how detest the vanity,---the folly, that leads to vice!--If pleasure is their pursuit, here they might see it speaking at *mouth* and *eyes* :-----*pleasures* that fleet not away ;---*pleasures* that are carried beyond the grave.

What a family is this to take a wife from !-----Lord Darcey's happiness is
 insur'd :

insur'd :---in my conscience, there will not be such another couple in England.

Preparations are making to welcome the lovely successor of this ancient house ; ---preparations to rejoice those whose satisfactions are scanty :---to clothe the naked,---to feed the hungry,---to let the stately roof echo with songs and mirth from a croud of chearful, honest, old tenants.

I often hear Mrs. Jenkins crying out in extasy,---My angel !-----my sweet angel !-----As to the old gentleman and Edmund, they actually cannot refrain from tears, when Miss Powis's name is mention'd.-----Sir James and her Ladyship are never easy without these good folks.-----It has ever been an observation of mine, that at an unexpected fortunate event, we are fond of having people about us who feel on the same occasion.

Mr. Morgan is quite his own man again :
 -----he has been regaling himself with a
 fine hunt, whilst I attended Sir James and
 my Lady in an airing round the park.---
 After dinner we were acquainted with
 all his losses and crosses in the dog and
 horseway.---He had not seen *Filley* rubb'd
 down this fortnight :---the huntsman had
 lost three of his best hounds :-----two
 spaniels were lame :---and one of his
 running horses glander'd.-----He con-
 cluded with swearing, as things turn'd out
 he did not matter it *much* ;-- ---but had it
 happen'd three weeks since, he should
 have drove all his servants to the devil.
 -----Enough of Mr. Morgan.---Adieu,
 Molefworth !-----Forget not my con-
 gratulations to your noble, happy, friend.

RISBY.

LET-

LETTER XL.

The Honourable GEORGE MOLESWORTH to
RICHARD RISBY, Esq.

Dover.

ALL is happiness, Dick!---I see nothing else; I hear of nothing else.---It is the *last* thing I take leave of at night;---the *first* thing I meet in the morning.-----*Yesterday* was full of it:---*yesterday* I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Powis and their charming daughter, at the Banker's.---To look back, it seems as if I had gone through all the vexations of my life in the last three weeks.

Darcey would not let me rest 'till I had been to congratulate them, or rather to satisfy his own impatience, being distracted to hear how Miss Powis bore the great discovery.---Her fortitude is amazing!---But Sir James has had every

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particular from his son ; therefore I shall be too late on that subject.

The following short epistle I receiv'd from Mr. Powis, as I was setting off for Town.

Mr. Powis to the Honourable GEORGE MOLESWORTH.

London.

“ THE first moment I can tear myself from the tender embraces of all my hopes ;---the first moment I can leave my beloved daughter, I come to Dover !-----I come to acknowledge my gratitude to the noble-minded Molesworth !-----I come to testify my affection to the generous, disinterested Lord Darcey.-----We pray for the recovery of his Lordship's health.--- When that is establish'd, not one wish will be wanting to complete the felicity of

J. Powis.”

The

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The more I know of *this* family, the more I admire them.——I *must* be their neighbour, that's certain.---*Suppose* I petition for a little spot at one end of the park; *suppose* you throw up your commission; and we live together two snug batchelors.

Darcey vows he will go to Town next week.----If fatigue should cause him to relapse, what will become of us *then*?---But I will not think of that *now*.

We shall come down a joyful cavalcade to the Abbey,——I long to see the doors thrown open to receive us.——School-boy like, I shall first count days;-----next hours;-----then minutes; though I am your's the same here there and every where.

MOLESWORTH.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

The Honourable GEORGE MOLESWORTH to
the same.

London.

BUILD in the park, and live
batchelors !-----Pish !-----A horrid
scheme !---I give it up.---Over head and
ears, Dick !

Last Monday arriv'd at his Lordship's
house in *St. James's Square*, the Right
Honourable the Earl and Countess of
Hampstead,---Lord Hallum,---the La-
dies Elizabeth and Sophia Curtis.

True, as I hope to be fav'd ;---and as
true, that Lady Elizabeth and Sophia
are blooming as angels.

Three times have I sat down, *pen* in
my hand, *paper* folded, yet could not
tune.

tune my mind to write one word.---Over head and ears ! I say.---

Past one in the morning !---All silent !
Let me try if I can scribble now.

First, I must tell you the body drove on shore at Dover, which I concluded was Miss Powis's, is discover'd to be a Miss Frances Walsh, going over in the yatch which was unfortunately cast-away ---the corpse much defac'd:---but what confirm'd it to be the body of Miss Powis, was a handkerchief taken from the neck mark'd F W.-----Poor young Lady ! her friends, perhaps, are suffering the excesses of grief which *you* and I have so lately witness'd. --- But *this* is a subject I shall not dwell on.

I came to Town this evening with Darcey:-----he bore the journey very poorly ;---sinking, fainting, all the way. --When we got to our lodgings, and he
was

was put into a bed, recovering a little, he press'd me to go to the Banker's.---I saw his impatience, and went immediately.

My name was no sooner sent up, than Mr. Powis flew to receive me.-----Welcome, my friend! said he; you come opportunely. We have a noble family with us that has been just wishing to see Mr. Moleworth.---He had time for no more; the door open'd.---What was my surprize to be embrac'd by Lord Hampstead and Lord Hallum, by them led to the Countess and our two divinities, *whose* mild eyes,---*whose* elegant deportment, told me the *Loves* and *Graces* had put a finishing stroke to the great work of *virtue* and *humility*.-----Lady Mary Sutton,----yes, Lady Mary Sutton too was there: she advan'd towards me, Miss Powis in her hand.

I have

I have the honour, said Mr. Powis, of presenting Lady Mary Sutton (the source of all my felicity) to Mr. Moleworth.--- Then addressing himself to her Ladyship, Permit me, Madam, to introduce to you the friend I love.

If ever I wish'd to shine, it was then :
 ——— I would have given the world for eloquence ;--- nay, common understanding.--- The former I *never* possess'd :--- surprize and pleasure had flown away with the latter.--- Miss Powis has an eye that looks through one's very soul ;--- a sweet compassionate eye : the dignity it expresses bespeaks your confidence.--- She perceiv'd my embarrassment, and said, Come, Mr. Moleworth, let me have the satisfaction of placing you next Lady Mary. So down sat the stupid blockhead. ——— Her Ladyship is very chatty, and very affable : she said a thousand obliging things ; but half was

lost.

lost upon me, whilst I watch'd the lips
of my fair Elizabeth.

Mr. Mrs. Powis, and Lady Mary, enquired affectionately after the health of Lord Darcey. When I said he was come to Town, up flew the heart's tale to the face of Miss Powis.---Her father and mother ask'd, if they might have the happiness of waiting on his Lordship next morning.--- I rose to assure them what joy their visit would occasion; when having settled the hour, and so forth, I slid to a chair vacant between Lady Elizabeth and Lady Sophia. ---How enchanting *did* they look;--- how enchanting *did* they speak?--No reserve; ---all frankness;---the same innocence in their manners as at fifteen;-- the vivacity of the French,--- the sedateness of the English, how charmingly blended!

Risby, thou art a fortunate fellow:
Lady Sophia speaks of thee with esteem.

The

The sweet syrens,---*syrens* only by attraction---held me by the ear upwards of an hour. ---From them I learnt Lady Mary Sutton came to England, on receiving an account from Mr. Delves that Miss Powis had the small pox.---Happy for us, Dick, they lov'd Lady Mary too well to stay behind her !

As I was listening to their entertaining descriptions of places abroad, we were join'd by Lord Hallum.---Moleworth, said his Lordship, I will not suffer these girls to engage you solely : ---My prating sisters are grown so saucy, that I am oblig'd to be a very tyrant.

A spirited conversation ensued, in which the cherub sisters bore away the palm.

More and more sick of my batchelor notions!---Yet I aver, that state should be my choice, rather than swallow one grain

grain of indifference in the matrimonial pill, gilder'd over ever so nicely. ———

Think what *must* be my friendship for Darcey, to tear myself from this engaging circle before nine!---As I was taking my leave, Lady Mary stepp'd towards me.---To morrow, Mr. Moleworth, said her Ladyship, I bespeak the favour of your company and Lord Darcey's to dine with me in *Pall-Mall*: --- I bow'd, and answer'd both for his Lordship and myself.

We shall rejoice, continu'd she, to congratulate your friend on his recovery, ---looking with peculiar meaning at Miss Powis. --I think by *that* look there will be an interview between the *lovers*, though I did not say so much to Darcey. ---He requires sleep: none would he have had, if he knew my surmises, --- I'll to bed, and dream of Lady Elizabeth;---so good night, Dick.

Twelve o'clock at noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Powis this moment gone ;—Lord Darcey dressing to meet them in *Pall-Mall*.---Yes, they are to be there ;—and the whole groupe of beauties are to be there ;---Miss Powis,——Lady Elizabeth,---Lady Sophia,----and the little sprightly hawk-eyed Delves.---Risby, *you* know nothing of *life* ; you are *dead* and *buried*.

I will try to be serious.---Impossible ? my head runs round and round with pleasure.---The interview was affecting to the last degree.---Between whom ?---Why Darcey, Mr. and Mrs.——faith I can write no more.

MOLESWORTH.

LET.

L E T T E R XLII.

The Honourable GEORGE MOLESWORTH
to the SAME.

London.

THE day of days is over !

I am too happy too sleep :---exquisite felicity wants not the common supports of nature.——In such scenes as I have witness'd, the *soul* begins to know herself: ---she gives us a peep into futurity :---the enjoyments of this day has been all her own.

Once more I regain the beaten path of narrative.

Suppose me then under the hands of hair-dressers, valets, &c. &c. &c. I hate those fellows about me :--but the singularity of this visit made me undergo their tortures with tolerable patience.---Now
was

was the time when Vanity, under pretence of respect, love, and decorum, usher'd in her implements.

It was about two when we were sat down at Lady Mary Sutton's.---Darcey trembled, and look'd so pale at coming out of his chair, that I desir'd a servant to shew us to a room, where we might be alone 'till Mr. Powis was inform'd of our being in the house. ---He instantly came with Lady Mary.---Tender welcomes and affectionate caresses fill'd him with new life.---Her Ladyship propos'd he should first see Miss Powis in her dressing-room; ---that none should be present but Mr. and Mrs. Powis, her Ladyship, and your humble servant.

Judge how agreeable this must be to his Lordship, whose extreme weakness consider'd, could not have supported this interview before so much company as were assembled in the drawing room.

The

The plan settled, Lady Mary withdrew to prepare Miss Powis for our reception. ---A footman soon came with a message from her Ladyship that she expected us.

I was all compassionate at this moment : ---the conflicts of my feeble friend were not to be conceal'd. --- We follow'd Mr. Powis ; ---the door open'd ; ---Darcey turn'd half round, and laying his cold clammy hand on mine, said, Oh Moleworth ! my happiness is in view ; ---how can I meet it ?

Inimitable creature ! ---Can I describe your reception of my friend ? ---Can I describe the dignity of beauty ; ---the melting softness of sensibility ; ---the blushing emotion of surprize ! ---No Risby ! ---impossible !

The Ladies stood to receive 'us ; Miss Powis supported between her mother and Lady Mary ; ---*she* all graceful timidity ;
 ---*they*

---*they* all extasy and rapture.---Do you not expect to see Darcey at the feet of his mistress?---No! at Mrs. Powis's, at Lady Mary's, he fell.

The eyes of his Adorable glisten'd.
 -----He was rais'd, and embrac'd tenderly-----by the parents,-----by Lady Mary.-----Mr. Powis said, presenting him to his delighted daughter, *You*, my dear, must make *our* returns of gratitude to Lord Darcey;---giving him her more than passive hand, which he press'd to his lips with fervor, saying, *This* is the hour my soul has flown up to petition
 -----Dearest, best of women! tell me I am welcome.

She attempted to reply;---it was only an attempt.

She does bid you welcome, return'd Mr. Powis;---her *heart* bids you welcome.

Indeed, said she, I am not ungrateful :
 ——*indeed*, my Lord, I am not insensible to the obligations you have laid me under.

As these words escaped her, you must certainly take in the whole countenance of Darcey...

By this time we were seated, and Lady Mary return'd to the company.

Honour'd as I am, said his Lordship, addressing Miss Powis, will you permit me, Madam, in presence of your revered parents,—— in presence of the friend to whom every wish of my heart has been confes'd ;——will you permit me to hope you are not offended by my application to Sir James ?——May I hope for your——

Friendship, my Lord (reply'd she, interrupting him); you may command my friendship.

Friendship !

Friendship! (retorted he) Miss Powis, starting up:---is that *all* I am to expect? --- Can I expect your *friendship*? --- No, Madam, the man who would have died for you aspires to more than *friendship*; --- he aspires to your *love*.

I am no stranger, my Lord, return'd she, to the honour you intend me; --- I am no stranger to *your* worth; --- but I have scruples; --- scruples that seem to me insurmountable.

I never saw him so affected.

For heaven's sake, Madam, he answer'd, don't drive me to despair: --- tear not open the wound which the hand of Mercy has just clos'd: --- my shatter'd frame will not bear another rub from fortune. --- *What scruples?* --- Tell me, Miss Powis, I conjure you.

You have none, my dear child, said Mrs. Powis. You have none, Fanny, said Mr. Powis, but what his Lordship can remove.

Indeed Sir!——indeed, Madam! replied she, I meant not to give Lord Darcey pain.——Then turning to him in a tender, soothing accent,——Your peace, my Lord, has never been lightly regarded by me.——Here he brighten'd up,---and said, taking her hand, You know not, Miss Powis, from the first moment I saw you, how ardent,---how steady has been my love.

Why *then*, my Lord, resum'd she,---
why endeavour to gain my affections, yet
hide

hide your preference for me from the *world*;--even from *myself*?——Think of the *day* Lord Allen dined at the Abbey;--think what pass'd in a walk preceding *that* you set out for town:——on both these,-- on many others, how mysterious your conduct?——If you thought me worthy your regard, my Lord, why *such* mysteries?

For God's sake, my dear,---dear Miss Powis, said Darcey, suffer me to vindicate myself.——Pardon me, my Lord (continued the angel that harangued him) hear me patiently another moment, and I will listen to your vindication.

She went on.

From whence can I suppose, my Lord, your embarrassments proceeded, if not from *some* entanglement grown irksome?—No; before I can promise *myself* happiness, I must be first satisfied I do not borrow that *happiness* from *another*.

Another, Madam! repeated he, throwing himself at her feet:—May all my brighter prospects fly me;—may my youth be blighted by the loss of reason, if I have ever lov'd *another*!

She was affected with the solemnity of his air: one pearly drop stray'd down her cheek;—one that escap'd the liquid body of tenderness assembled in her eyes:—
she

she could not speak, but held out her snowy hand for him to be seated.

He obey'd; and placing himself next her, so clearly accounted for that part of his conduct she call'd mysterious, that Mr. and Mrs. Powis both at once exclaim'd, Now, my dear, complete our felicity ;---now all your *scruples must* be over.

And do you, said she, my tender, my indulgent parents, rising and throwing herself into their arms ;---do you say it is in *my* power to complete your felicity ?---*Will* confessing a preference for Lord Darcey ;---*will* declaring I wish you to prefer him to your daughter ;---*will that* complete it ?

My friend caught the blushing beauty from the arms of her parents, and frantic with joy, folded her to his bosom, standing as if he wonder'd at his own happiness.

What innocence in the look of Miss Powis, when she greatly acknowledg'd her heart!—How reverse from *this* innocence, *this* greatness is the *prudish* *hypocrite*, who forbids *even* her features to say she is susceptible of love! You may suppose a profusion of friendly acknowledgements fell to *my* share; but I am not vain enough to repeat them.

It is well Lady Elizabeth stands portress at the door of my heart :---there is such bustling and pushing to get in ;---
but,

but, notwithstanding her Ladyship's vigilance, Miss Powis has slipp'd by, and sits perch'd up in the same corner with Darcey.

If you go back to Lady Mary's dressing-room, you will find nobody *there*: ---but give a peep into the dining-parlour, and you will see us just set down at dinner; ---*all* smiling, ---*all* happy; ---an inexhaustible fountain of pleasure in every breast.

I will go down to Slope Hall; ---give Lady Dorothy a hint that she has it now in her power to make one man happy; ---*a hint* I believe she never had before. ---A snug twenty thousand added to my present fortune, --- the hand of Lady Elizabeth, ---and then, Risby, get hold of my skirts, and you mount with me.

Next tuesday prepare, as governor of the castle, for a warm siege.---*Such* a battery of eyes,---*such* bundles of darts,---*such* stores of smiles,---*such* a train of innocence will be laid before the walls, as never was withstood!--No; I shall see you *cap-à-pée* open the gates to the besiegers.---Away goes my pen.---I write no more positively.

MOLESWORTH.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

Miss DELVES to Mrs. DELVES.

Barford Abbey.

ARE you well, Madam? Is my dear father well? Tell me you are, and never was so happy a creature as your daughter. I tremble with pleasure,——with joy,——with delight :— but I *must*——my duty, my affection, every thing says I *must* sit down to write. —You did not see how we were marshall'd at setting out :—I wish you could have got up early enough :—never was there such a joyous party!

All in Lady Mary's dining-room by seven ;——the fine equipages at the door ;——servants attending in rich new liveries, to the number of twenty ;——Lord Darcey and his heavenly bride that is to be,---smiling on each other,---smiling on all around ;——Lady Mary Sutton—yes, *she* is heavenly *too* ;—I believe I was the only earthly creature amongst them ; Lord and Lady Hampstead,——the angelic Ladies Elizabeth and Sophia,---Mr. Moleworth.——the generous, friendly, open-hearted Mr. Moleworth,——Lord Hallum.——But why mention him last ?—Because, Bessy, I suppose he was *last* in your thoughts.——Dear Madam, how can you think so ?

In

In Lady Mary's coach went her Ladyship, Lord Darcey, Mrs. and Miss Powis——in Lord Hampstead's, his Lordship, Lady Hampstead, Lady Elizabeth, and Mr. Moleworth:—in Lord Darcey's, Lady Sophia, Mr. Powis, Lord Hallum, and your little *good-for-nothing*:—in Mr. Powis's, the women-servants.—We lay fifty miles short of the Abbey, and the next evening reach'd it at seven.

We reach'd Barford Abbey, I say:—but what shall I say *now*!—I cannot do justice to what I have seen of duty,—of affection,---of joy,---of hospitality.---
O, dear Madam, persuade my father

to

to purchase a house in *this* neighbourhood.

Servants were posted at the distance of six miles to carry intelligence when we should approach.—I suppose in their way back it was proclaim'd in the village :—men, women, and children, lined the road a mile from the Abbey, throwing up their hats with loud huzzaing ;—bells ringing in every adjacent parish ;—bonfires on every rising ground ;—in short, we were usher'd in like conquerors.—The coachman whip'd up their horses full speed through the park ;—thump, thump, went my heart, when by a number of lights I discover'd we were just at the house.

What

What sensations did I feel when the carriages stop'd!— At the entrance stood Sir James and Lady Powis,—— the Chaplain,---Mr. Morgan,—Captain Risby;—you know their characters, Madam;—every servant in the house with a light:—but who could have stay'd within at this juncture?

The first coach that drove up was Lady Mary's. Out sprang Lord Darcey, Miss Powis in his hand; both in a moment lock'd in parental embraces.—— Good heaven, what extasy!—I thought Mr. Watson and Mr. Morgan would have fought a duel which should first have folded Miss Powis in his arms, whilst Sir James and Lady Powis quitted
her

her to welcome Lady Mary.—We were all receiv'd tenderly affectionate:—a reception none can have an idea of, but those who have been at Barford Abbey.

In my way to the house, I suppose I had a hundred kisses:—*God knows from whom.*—What can I say of Lord Hampstead's family?—what of Mr. Moleworth?—The general notice taken of him is sufficient. — Absolutely that charming man will be spoil'd.—Pity to set him up for an idol!—I hope he will not *always* expect to be worshipp'd. — Mr. Risby too——Well, I'll mention you all, one after another, as fast as possible.——Let me see, where did I leave off?——Oh! we were just out of
our

our carriages.——And now for the pathetics :——an attempt ;—a humble attempt only.

Lady Powis, Lady Mary, and their darling had given us the slip.---What could be done ?——I mean with Mr. Morgan : -- he was quite outrageous.---What could be done ? I repeat.---Why Sir James, to pacify him, said, we should all go and surprize them in his Lady's dressing-room.——We did go ; —we did surprize them ;—great God ! in what an attitude !---The exalted Lady Powis at the feet of Lady Mary !——Miss Powis kneeling by her :——she endeavouring to raise them.——I said it would be an attempt at the pathetics :

---it

—it must be an attempt : I can proceed no farther.

To be sure Mr. Morgan is a queer-looking man, but a great favourite at the Abbey.—He took Miss Powis on his knee ;—call'd her a hundred times his dear, dear daughter ;—and I could not forbear laughing, when he told her he had not wore a tye-wig before these twenty years. This drew me to observe his dress, which unless you knew the man, you can have no idea how well it suited him : a dark snuff-colour'd coat with gold buttons, which I suppose by the fashion of it, was made when he accustomed himself to *tye-wigs* ;—the lace a rich orice ; but then it was so immoderately short, both in the sleeves and
 skirts.

skirts, that whilst full dress'd he appear-
ed to want cloathing.

The *next* morning,—ay, the *next*
morning, then it was I lost my freedom.
—Disrob'd of his gingerbread coat, I
absolutely fell a sacrifice to a plain suit of
broad cloath,—or rather to a noble,
plain heart.—Now pray, dear Madam,
do not cross me in my *first* love ;—at
least, *see* Mr. Morgan, before you com-
mand me to give him up :—and you,
sweet Sir, steal to a corner of your new
possession, whilst I take notice of those
who are capering to my fingers ends.

You have seen Miss Powis, Madam,
on Mr. Morgan's knee ;—you have
heard him say enough to fill any other girl
than

than myself with jealousy :—nay, Madam, you may smile ;—he really makes love to me.——But for a moment let me forget my lover ;—let me forget his *melting* sighs.---his *tender* protestations,——his *persuasive* eloquence,---his air *so* languishing ;---let me forget them *all*, I say, and lead you to the library, where by a message flew Miss Powis.---A look from her drew me after :---I suppose Lord Darcey had a touch from the same magnet.

A venerable pair with joy next to phrenzy caught her in their extended arms, as the door open'd. My kind, my dear, *ever* dear friends, said the lovely creature,---and is it *thus* we meet ? is it *thus* I return to you ?——Mr. Jenkins
clasp'd

clasp'd her to him ; but his utterance was quite choak'd :---the old lady burst into a flood of tears, and then cried out, ---How great is thy mercy, O God !--- Suffer me to be grateful.---Again she flew to their arms ;---again they folded her to their bosoms.---Lord Darcey too embrac'd them ;--he condescendingly kissed their hands ;--he said next to the parents of his Fanny,---next to Lady Mary, they were most dear to him.--- Miss Powis seated herself between them, and hung about the neck of Mrs. Jenkins ; whilst his Lordship, full of admiration, look'd as if his great soul labour'd for expression.---

Overcome with tender scenes, I left the library. ---I acquainted Lady Mary who

who was there, and she went to them immediately.-----Mr. Watson and Mr. Morgan for a quarter of an hour were all my own : --captain Risby, Mr. Moleworth, Lady Elizabeth and Sophia, being engag'd in a conversation at another part of the room :---you may *guess* our subject, Madam ;-----but I declare, whilst listening to Mr. Watson, I thought myself soaring above earthly enjoyments.---

Sir James, who had follow'd Lady Mary, soon return'd with her Ladyship, Miss Powis, Lord Darcey, and, what gave me heart-felt pleasure, the steward and his wife ;---an honour they with difficulty accepted, as they were strangers to Lord Hampstead's family.

Who

Who says there is not in this life perfect happiness?---I say they are mistaken:---such felicity as I here see and partake of, cannot be called imperfect.-----How comes it that the domestics of *this* family *so* much surpass those of *other* people?---how is it *one* interest governs the whole?---I want to know a thousand mysteries,-----I could write,---I could think eternally,---of the first happy evening.-----First happy evening do I say? And can the days that crown that eve be forgot?-----Heaven forbid! at least whilst I have recollection.-----My heart speaks so fast to my pen, that fain my fingers would,---but cannot keep up with it.

The next morning Lord Darcey introduced to us the son of Mr. Jenkins.

-----A finer

--- --A finer youth I never saw!--Well might the old gentleman be *suspicious*.--- Few fathers would, like *him*, have sacrificed the interest of a son, to preserve that of a friend.-----To know the real rank of Miss Powis;---her ten thousand virtues;---her great expectations; yet act with so *much* caution!--with an anxiety which the most sordid miser watching his treasure, could not have exceeded! and for *what*?-- Why left involuntarily she might enrich his belov'd son with *her* affections.-----Will you part with me to this extraordinary man?-----Only for an hour or two.-----A walk is propos'd.-----Our ramble will not be farther than his house.-----You say I may go. Thank you, madam: I am gone.

Just



Just return'd from the steward's, so
cramm'd with sweatmeats, cake, and
jellies, that I am absolutely stupified.

I must tell you who led Miss Powis.—
Lord Darcey to be sure.—No, Ma-
dam; I had the favour of his Lordship's
arm:—it was Edmund.——I call
him Edmund; every body calls him
Edmund;—yes, and at Lord Darcey's
request too. Never shall I forget in what
a graceful manner!—but his Lordship
does every thing with grace.—He men-
tion'd something of past times, hinting
he should not always have courted him to
such honour, presenting the hand of his
belov'd.

I 2

I wish

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I wish I could send you her look at that moment; it was all love,—all condescension.—I say I cannot send it.—Mortifying ! I cannot even borrow *it*.

Adieu, dear Madam !—Adieu dear Sir!—adieu, you best of parents !—It is impossible to say which is most dear to your ever dutiful and affectionate

E. DELVES.

LET-

L E T T E R XLIV.

Miss DELVES to the same.

Barford Abbey.

LOST my heart *again!*——Be not surpriz'd, Madam; I lose and find it ten times a day;—yet it never strays from Barford Abbey.—The last account you had from me it was button'd inside Mr. Morgan's hunting-frock:—since that, it has been God knows with whom:—sometimes wrapt in a red coat;—sometimes in a blue;—sometimes in a green:—but finding many competitors flew to black, where it now lies snug, warm, and

easy.—Restless creature ! I will never take it home again.

What think you, Madam, of a *Dean* for a son-in-law.

What do I think ? you say- —— Why the gentlemen of the church have too much sense and gravity to take my mad-cap off my hands—Well, madam, but suppose the Dean of H——, now you look pleas'd.—Oh, the Dean of H—— ! What the *Dean*, Bessy, that Lady Mary used to talk of :—the *Dean* that married Mr. and Mrs. Powis.

As sure as I live, Madam, the *very* man :—and *to-morrow*,—*to-morrow* at ten,
he

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he is to unite their lovely daughter with Lord Darcey.—Am I not *very* good.—*extremely* good, *indeed*, to sit down and write,—when every person below is solacing themselves on the approach of this happy festival?

I would suffer shipwreck ten times;—ten times would I be drove on uninhabited islands, for such a husband as Lord Darcey.—Miss Powis's danger was only imaginary, yet *she* must be *so* rewarded.—Well, she *shall* be rewarded;—she *ought* to be rewarded:—Lord Darcey shall reward her.

But is it not *very* hard upon your *poor* girl, that *all* the young smarts we brought down, and *that* which we found

I 4 here,

here, should have dispos'd of their hearts ?
 —*All* ;——even Lord Hallum,—*be* who
 used to boast so much of freedom,——
 now owns he has dispos'd of his—

But to whom ?——Aye ; that's a
 question.—

They think, perhaps, the *old* stuff
 will do well enough for poor me !——
 Thanks to my genius, I can set my cap
 at any thing.

Why there's something tolerable in the
 sound of a Dean's Lady.——Let me
 see if it will do.—“ The *Dean's* coach ;
 —the *Dean's* servants.”——Something
 better this than a plain *Mr.*——

Here

Here comes Miss Powis. Now shall I be forc'd to huddle this into my pocket.—I am resolv'd she shall not see the preferment I have chalked out for myself.—No, no; I must be secret, or I shall have it taken from me.

This Miss Powis,—*this* very dutiful young Lady, that I used to have set up for a pattern,—*now* tells me that I *must* write no more; that you will not expect to hear from me 'till the next post.—If I *must* take Miss Powis's advice in every thing;—if I *must* be guided by *her*;—you know *who* said this, Madam;—why then there is an end of my scribbling for this night.—But remember it is not *my* fault.—No, indeed, I was sat down as sober and sedate as could be.——Quite fit for a Dean's

I 5 Lady?—

Lady?—Yes; quite fit, indeed.—Now comes Lady Elizabeth and Lady Sophia.
 —Well, it is impossible, I find, to be dutiful in this house.



Thursday, Twelve o'clock at noon.

Bless my soul! one would think I was the bride by my shaking and quaking! Miss Powis is—Lady Darcey.—Down drops my letter:—Yes, dear Madam, I see you drop it to run and tell my father.

I may write on *now*;—I may do what I will;—Lord and Lady Darcey are *every* thing with *every* body.

Well

Well as I love them, I was not present at the ceremony : ——— I don't know why neither. — Not a soul but attended, except your poor foolish girl. — At the window I stood to see them go, and never stirred a step till they return'd. — Mr. Molesworth gave her away. — I vow I thought him near as handsome as the bridegroom. — But what signifies my thinking him handsome ? — I'll ask Lady Elizabeth by and bye what she thinks. — Now for a little about it, before I attire myself with implements of destruction. — The Dean is not *quite* dead yet ; but if he lives out this day, — I say, he is invulnerable.

Let us hear no more of yourself :—
tell us of Lord and Lady Darcey.

Have patience, Madam, and I will.

Well, *their* dress ?—Why *their* faces
were dress'd in smiles of love :—nature's
charms should always take place of
art.—You see with what order I pro-
ceed.

Lord Darcey was dress'd in white
richly lac'd with gold ;—Lady Darcey
in a white lutestring negligee flounc'd
deep with a silver net ;—no cap, a dia-
mond sprig ; her hair without powder ; a
diamond necklace and sleeve-knots ;—
brace-

bracelets set round with diamonds; and let me tell you her jewels are a present from my first Adorable;—on the knowledge of which I discarded him.—No, no, Mr. Morgan; you are not a *jewel* of yourself neither.—Lady Darcey would have wore quite a morning dishabille, if the vain old gentleman had not requested the contrary:—so forsooth, to humour him, we must be all put out of our way.

There they are on the lawn, as I hope to live, going to invite in Cæsar.—
Only an old dog, Madam, that lives betwixt this house and the steward's.

Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Moleworth,
Lady Sophia and Captain Risby,—Oh, I
long

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long to be with you!—throw no more gravel to my window.—I will be dutiful;—in spite of your allurements, I *will*.

I left them in the library, inspecting a very charming piece, just brought from Brandon Lodge, done by the hand of Lady Mary Sutton.—Upon my word, they have soon conn'd it over:—but I have not told you it is the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Powis;—My dear Dean too joining their hands.—

God defend me! there he is, hopping out.—I wish he had kept within.—Why, Sir, I should have been down in a moment: then we might have had the most comfortable tête-a-tête.

Seriously,

Seriously, Madam---now I am *really* serious--can you believe, after beholding Lord and Lady Darcey, I will ever be content with a moderate share of happiness?---No; I will die first.---To see them at this instant would be an antidote for indifference.-----Not any thing of foolish fondness:---no; that will never be seen in Lord and Lady Darcey.-----Their happiness is not confin'd: we are all refresh'd by it:---it pours forth from their hearts like streams flowing from a pure fountain.-----I think I said I could not go to church:---no, not for the world would I have gone: I expected Miss Powis would be crying, fainting, and I know not what.-----Instead of all this
fufs,

fufs, not a tear was fhed——I thought every body cried when they were married : —thofe that *bad*, or had *not* caufe.—Well, I am determined to appear fatisfied, however, if the yoke is a little galling.

How charming look'd Mifs Powis, when fhe fmil'd on Lord Darcey !—On Lord Darcey ? On every body, I mean. —And for him—but I muft forget his air,—his words,——his looks, if ever I intend to fay love, honour and obey. ——Once I am brought to fay love,—honour and obey will flide off glibly enough. I muft go down amongst them. Believe me, Madam, I fhut myfelf up to write againft intreaties,—againft the moft perfuafive eloquence.

This

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This is the day when the Powis family
are crown'd with felicity.---I think on
it with rapture.-----I will set it down
on the heart of your dutiful and affec-
tionate

E. DELVES.

LET.

L E T T E R XLV.

Miss DELVES to the same.

Barford Abbey.

SURELY I must smell of venison,
 —roast beef, and plumb-puddings.
 —Yes, I smell of the Old English hospitality.—*You*, Madam, have no tenants to regale so; —are safe from such troubles on my account. —Will you believe me, Madam, I had rather see their honest old faces than go to the finest opera ever exhibited. —What think you of a hundred-and-seven chearful farmers sitting at long tables spread with every thing the season can afford; —two hogheads of wine at their elbows; —the

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——the servants waiting on them with assiduous respect? —— Their songs still echo in my ears.

I thought the roof would have come down, when Lord and Lady Darcey made their appearance. —— Some sung one tune, — some another ; — some paid extempore congratulations ; — others that had not a genius, made use of ballads compos'd on the marriage of the King and Queen. — One poor old soul cried to the Butler, because he could neither sing or repeat a verse. — Seeing his distress, I went to him, and repeated a few lines applicable to the occasion, which he caught in a moment, and tun'd away with the best of them.

Lord and Lady Hampstead are so delighted with the honest rustics, that they
de-

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declare every Christmas their tenants shall be regal'd at Hallum Grove.

What can one feel equal to the satisfaction which arises on looking out in the park?—Three hundred poor are there feasting under a shed erected for the purpose;—cloath'd by Sir James and Lady Powis;—*so* clean,—*so* warm, *so* comfortable, that to see them at this moment, one would suppose they had never tasted of poverty.

Lord Darcey has order'd two hundred guineas to be given amongst them,---that to-morrow might not be less welcome to them than this day.

For my part, I have only two to provide for out of the number;—a pretty little boy and girl, that pick'd me up before.

before I came to the shed.——The parents of those children were very good, and gave them to me on my first application.

Here comes Mrs. Jenkins.——*Well*, what pleasing thing have you to tell me, Mrs. Jenkins?

Five hundred pounds, as I live, to be given to the poor to-morrow from Lady Mary Sutton.---

What blessings will follow us on our journey! I believe I have not told you, Madam, we set out for Faulcum Park on Monday.——*Not* to stay:---no, I thank God we are *not* to stay.---If Lord and Lady Darcey were to inhabit Faulcum Park, yet it would not be to *me* like Barford Abbey.-----Barford Abbey is to be their home, whilst Sir James and Lady Powis live.

Lord

Lord Hallum wants me to walk with him.----Not I, indeed :---I hate a *tête-à-tête* with heartless men.---On second thoughts, I will go.

Oh Madam! out of breath with astonishment!--- What think you?--I am the confidante of Lord Hallum's passion; ---with permission too of the earl and countess.-----Heavens! and can you guess, Madam, who it is he loves?-----Adieu, my *dear---dear* Dean!---Need I say more?-----Will you not spare the blushes of your happy daughter,

E. DELVES?

F I N I S.